

# THE LIVING AGE.

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FROM BEGINNING  
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## IN THE SCRIPTORIUM.

Above my missal as I bend,  
The fair procession without end  
Moves on across the page unrolled,  
Scarlet and azure, white and gold—  
God's saints and warriors mustered  
there;

A froth of pennons bright in air:  
*And this dun robe is all my wear.*

St. Michael, that with unstirred smile  
Dost press the Dragon's head the  
while,

St. George and all ye saints that be  
Victors in God's high chivalry,  
Endure ye to be born of me?

And yet I frame you fair and bold—  
A ruby set in wreathen gold  
Would fit the hilt St. George must  
hold;

I frame you flawless in your pride—  
Martin a snow-white steed must ride;  
Nor, while I toll on bended knee,  
Is any blemish cast of me  
On all your steel-clear company.

*The Prior, he lingers while I paint:  
"God's mother, or some virgin saint,  
Brother, thy hand might fitly trace."  
Ave Maria, full of grace!  
She knoweth that on me is laid  
This work: to limn God's knights arrayed.*

And so I labor, till the day  
Slips from my straining eyes away,  
And through the dark the pigments  
burn  
Bright on my lids till I return.

I curve the road where they must pass,  
A silver ribbon through the grass,  
To where the sharp blue hills are set  
Crowned with a castle's mimic fret  
With battlements and portals' sheen—  
Only the banners wave between—  
You well-nigh hear the horn that  
shrills  
Reproachful summons from the hills.

Reproach, reproach, but not for them,  
Stainless from crest to garment's hem;  
God's soldier saints to tourney met  
All in a trenchant splendor set,  
I dare not face nor may forget.

*What time I flung my shield away,  
O'er-sullied for man's common day,  
And crept here to the cloister's night,  
I knew not how the saints could smite  
With judgment of their mailed light.*

Almost the bordure here complete;  
With tracery of arms, as meet.  
Never a tarnished shield, nor blade  
With traitorous, blunted edge, is laid  
Among these arms, nor spur hacked  
off—

*Ah, Christ! amid the varlets' scoff.*

I will forsake this dusky room,  
Where the one ray athwart the gloom  
Burns on St. Victor's sanguine plume,  
And seek the convent garden free,  
Where the monks pace and pray, to see  
How the sun paints the lily blades:—  
My shadow falls; their glory fades.

Back to the vellum and the gold!  
To the fair company enc scrolled,  
Where heaven's true vassals in their  
state  
Ride through God's sevenfold guarded  
gate

Where never knight dishonored goes—  
*Fold down the page! The shadows close.*

*Roland Horne.*

The Cornhill Magazine.

## FROM THE CABIN DOOR.

There's a snowy flock in the moon-  
black meadow,  
An' white sheep-mothers dim in the  
shadow,  
An' a field beyond that's gray. An' by  
it  
There' the wide lake lyin' could an'  
quiet.

There' a high-hill shore. It's a wood  
of hushes.  
There's ebon islands ringed with  
rushes.  
There's a cradle o' cloud, an' a star-  
chld sleepin',  
An' the edge o' the mist it's a-comin'  
creepin', creepin'.

*Wilfrid MacDermot.*

The Spectator.

## RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

To observers of literary signs there can be no doubt that the French novel is traversing a crisis somewhat acute. Only to look back at the dominating position of Daudet, of Zola, of Maupassant—the appearance of each one of whose books was a sensational event of the first order—is to grasp the difference brought about by the last twenty years.

Of the phalanx of disciples pressing upon the steps of these masters, how many remain?—remain, that is, as novelists pure and simple—for many of the brilliant pens of twenty years ago are still at work, but no longer at the work which was their original occupation. Anatole France, for one, seems inclined to give preference to the tongue as an instrument. From the exquisite story-teller he was, he has become an exceedingly talkative politician; Pierre Loti has developed into a wondrous painter of far lands; the *frères* Marguerite have evolved into conscientious historians, except when they are busy proving the evils of Christian marriage; while Paul Bourget is just as handy with his proofs of the blessings of this same institution and of the failure of revolutionary ideas in general. Maurice Barrès philosophizes and dreams, but scarcely even pretends to tell a story; while Paul Hervieu, Alfred Capus, Catulle Mendès, and others have gone over *en masse* to the drama. It is true that the idyllic André Theuriot continued until quite lately soothingly to babble of green fields, that Georges Ohnet has given countless successors to his *Maître de Forges*, and that an army of literary Amazons make frantic efforts to rescue the "heroine" of fiction from a not quite unmerited oblivion; but it is not in these that we can see the saviors of French fiction.

And the causes of this *débâcle*?

In a singularly enlightening article of Adolf Brisson's, to which we are indebted for some of our above observations, we find them classified as follows:

Over-production, to start with—erupted of trash and consequent revolt of the public, down whose throat so much inferior ware has been thrust that on the principle of "once bit, twice shy," it has become mistrustful of all novels. Follows then a series of social and political crises, among which the "Affaire," or in other words the immortal Dreyfus, takes a leading place, and by which every available scrap of public attention is absorbed. In truth, what with wars, revolutions, Imperial telegrams, and balloon competitions, public life has, of late years, so bristled with interest that not French fiction alone has been fighting a losing fight with the newspapers. While Togo, Oyama, Kaiser Wilhelm, and Santos Dumont are on the warpath, what merely imaginary heroes could hope for much notice?

But what more than anything else has brought discredit upon the French novel are the very means that were employed as a corrective. Panicked-stricken at the shrinkage of readers, publishers and authors looked round wildly for a means of reviving the languishing appetite for fiction. Being Frenchmen and modern, it was almost unavoidable that they should decide for a spicy seasoning. Few French palates can resist a truly *piquant* dish, so the pepper and much worse things than pepper were strewn with a hand grown almost frenzied in its liberality. To quote Adolf Brisson:

The public is no longer hungry. Let us serve it with cunning and diabolical sauces, the spices of the Orient mingled with the concoctions of Europe. The voluptuous mysteries of Egypt and of Greece, the debauches of Byzantium,

the erotic manias of Rome in her decline, the customs of unmentionable houses, the alluring picture of hidden vices—let them all lend us their help!

The result was an avalanche of obscenity, either reeking with the stench of Parisian slums, which was bad enough; or else perfumed with the scents of the boudoir, which, on the whole, was rather worse. To the honor of French readers be it said that the mark aimed at has been considerably overshot. A certain proportion of vicious palates has no doubt been tickled; but the mass of decent readers (for the mass *is* decent, even in France) have ended by turning away in deepening disgust from the fare provided. In other words, the French novel, once triumphant, has fallen into momentary discredit. The best hope of raising it to its former place—so the matter seems to strike the better class of writers—lies in transforming it. Therefore it is that, instead of telling stories or spinning intrigues, they elaborate studies and ventilate "questions." If you condescend to write a novel at all nowadays, you owe it to your dignity to write one with a purpose. On the whole a wholesome reaction, though making somewhat for dullness, and not particularly welcome to the reviewer. For, to discover upon the French bookseller's counter anything that is not either too abstract or too indecent for presentation in an English review is nowadays no easy matter.

We used to know an old Austrian general—now beneath the earth—who, on being offered any novel, invariably put the question: "Do they get each other, or do they not get each other?" Given a negative answer, he declined even to open the book; for, despite his martial exterior, his heart was too soft to bear with equanimity the woes even of imaginary lovers. To-day, as applied to French novels,

the question has no more *raison d'être*. Even if there are any lovers to the fore, it is not about their fate that our interest concentrates. It is no longer a "they," it is an "it" which dominates the horizon; which "it" may be either political, social, religious, psychological, or, by preference, neurotic; but, anyway, some question which, if not modern in its essence, is dissected with the scalpel of a highly modern vivisectionist.

To give a fair presentation of this operation within the limits of a magazine article is quite another affair than condensing a story. There being no help for it, however, it becomes a question of stretching yourself according to the "blanket," as the old saying goes.

From a raid among the yellow-paper volumes the present reviewer has accordingly returned with three of them under her arm—three which seem to lend themselves the least ungraciously to her purpose.

The puzzling and somewhat lumbering title of *Monsieur et Madame Moloch* has been lately heard in literary circles with that frequency which at once attests success and ensures it. Surprise figures in the discussions around it; for, above all, it is a new departure. Not so very long ago the name of Marcel Prévost on a title-page was as a red rag to prudes, a beckoning finger to the frivolous. A little more recently the prudes began to calm down, while the frivolous were aware of a vague disappointment; for to them the *Vierges Fortes* did not hold the promises held out by those other "Half-Virgins" which had been their predecessors, and the *Lettres à Françoise* were a woeful come-down from the delicate impropriety of the *Lettres de Femmes*. Was the spicy *raconteur*, he who could dish up indecency like no one else in Paris, actually becoming *serious*? It was a depressing thought. An evolution was clearly in progress; whether produced



by the mellowing effect of years, or stimulated by some distinct spur, it was hard to say. The appearance of *Monsieur et Madame Moloch* settles the question. If ever novel was aimed straight at the "Académie," this one is. Turning his back upon the *boudoir* and upon all the "secret gardens" of the world, Marcel Prévost has stretched his arm towards that high shelf on which lie what we call *les grands thèmes*—nothing less this time than the conflict between Force and Thought, as he considers it to be embodied in the actual condition of Germany.

Before attempting to estimate the success attained, we will do our best to set forth the slender structure of narrative which underlies the ambitious theme.

Louis Dhubert, a young Frenchman "down" in his material luck, has been appointed tutor to a youthful prince, heir to one of those tiny principalities which, from time to time, the world is surprised to hear of as still existing within the shadow of the German Empire. Rothberg ranges among the favored of its kind, having been graciously permitted to retain its own postage-stamp, and even its own garrison, to which it clings as to the last shreds of an extinct independence. The Prussian "mailed fist" has hitherto forborne to bear down heavily upon the miniature realm but the Prussian spirit is abroad, lying like a blot upon the loveliness of the country; for these are the fabled Thuringian hills, in whose rendering Monsieur Prévost reveals himself as a landscape painter of no mean rank—an ancient German fairyland of scented pine-forests and leaping waters, but with all the fairies flown. As Dhubert explains to his schoolgirl sister Gritte, come to spend her summer holidays under his protection:

... the fairies and spirits have a horror of "world politics," of Imperialism,

of the Naval League and the articles of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Zeitung*. They have flown from all the northern districts of Thuringia, which are too near to Prussia and the Prussian. They prefer the Southern Thuringia which borders on Bavaria.

And he goes on to describe a certain old Prussian road which is pointed out as the line of demarcation between the two Germanies: "The Germany of Brute Force to the North; to the South the Germany of Poetry and of Thought."

Over this romantic scrap of earth a typical German couple nominally reigns—Prince Otto, not in the upward turn of his bellicose moustaches alone a diligent imitator of a higher model, well-meaning on the whole, and not nearly so great a brute as he tries to appear, and Her Serene Highness Princess Else—beautiful, disappointed, sentimental, and *passée*. To point out that a princess placed in these conditions has no choice but to fall in love with her son's French tutor is almost to insult the reader's intelligence. Recent examples make her duty as a heroine too obvious. Accordingly the story opens upon an idyll which, though about ten months old, has not got beyond the purely sentimental stage. Dhubert's part in the idyll is rather difficult to grasp. Considering that she is beautiful, and that he is French and twenty-six, his lack of fire considerably taxes credulity. He is eminently the passive party in the arrangement—which typical Frenchmen seldom are, unless their affections be otherwise engaged, which is not here the case. His vacillations between sentimental longing and cool criticism fail to convince us. The princess is distinctly too Germanic for his taste. Even when his lips touch her hand, he notes that it is a large though a well-shaped hand; a certain want of delicacy in her utterances offends his Latin

sensibilities; while the hint of condescension discernible even in amorous moments plagues his democratic pride. We could understand his resisting her entirely; but once fallen under her undoubted charm, and after ten months of nothing but hopes, we do not understand his complete immunity from passion. It is she who proposes to him flight, and the embarrassment into which the suggestion thrusts him is not without its humorous side. What he had begun by regarding as a mere *passé-temps* threatens to develop into a drama. How to get out of it with credit is the problem which occupies him during several chapters, for it requires a very adroit or a very brutal man to refuse so glaring a sacrifice as the one which the Princess Else is prepared to accomplish for his sake. It is adroitness which decides it at last—an inspiration of the moment prompting him to put her to a test which he guesses she will not stand. She is ready to sacrifice husband, child, and good name for his love; but he boldly demands more. Let her renounce her fortune, obtain a divorce, and, following him to France as his lawful wife, live upon whatever he may be able to earn. Under these conditions he is hers for ever, but under no others. His poor man's pride forbids him to live upon her bounty; he will not be pointed at as the penniless lover of a wealthy princess.

This settles the matter. The love-sick Else stiffens on the instant. She is ready to face disgrace, but not penury; to bear infamy, but not a *bourgeois* name. With trembling lips and scornful eyes she says to him: "You are much too reasonable to believe that I could live with the six thousand marks which your work will earn, under the rule of Monsieur Fallières in a country riddled with Anarchism, solely for the sake of being able to call myself Madame Dhubert."

In these words Dhubert reads his deliverance, and subsequently puts down his views of the matter in a long and well-worded epistle, whose bitterness he attempts to sweeten with various ardent speeches which bear a painful resemblance to the last meal served to a condemned culprit on the eve of execution. After which he returns to France with Gritte, and no more than a slight ache in his mind.

The pictures of miniature Court-life which form the setting of the idyll are admirably drawn, and the figures moving in its atmosphere excellently indicated. Of these we will only mention Fräulein von Bohlberg, "a young person of some fifty years, at once meagre and massive, and with a strongly moustachioed upper lip," and Count Marbach the Prussian Major who eases his ruined nerves by the clandestine ill-treatment of the little Prince Max, out of whom he is supposed to be fashioning a Prussian soldier.

"But where, in the middle of all this," we hear a reader asking, "are the mysterious people of the title-page?"

In reply, we must pick up a second thread, for M. Prévost has for once neglected the laws of unity. The fortunes of "Moloch" form a narrative so completely distinct from that of Princess Else's heart affair that the two could be separated without leaving so much as a ragged edge. It is here that lies the reason of existence of the book, for it is Professor Zimmermann, *alias* "Monsieur Moloch" (a nickname bestowed on him by the schoolgirl Gritte), who stands for the embodiment of the "Germany of Thought," just as Prince Otto and Major Marbach stand for the Germany of Brute Force. This central person of the book is regarded as a portrait of Ernst Haeckel; and in the extremity of his monotheistic theories, as well as in his knack of blinking inconvenient facts, he certainly yields nothing to the modern

prophet. But "Moloch" is not only a scientist and a philosopher: he is also an eminent chemist, possessing the secret of some explosive of unheard-of properties, which he refuses to publish, upon principle, for he abhors all violence, condemns war, and disproves of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, for all of which reasons he is in Prince Otto's very blackest books.

It is on the 2nd of September, while all Rothberg has turned out to join in a noisy and tasteless celebration of the "Sedan Day," that the only thing which can be called an incident occurs. Nor are there many words wasted over it, for the modern French novelist gives the impression of wanting to apologize whenever by any chance anything "happens" in his books, and of pressing hurriedly on to graver things than mere events.

Major Marbach, before a plaster statue of Bismarck, freshly unveiled, has just made a speech, of which the chief passage deserves to be quoted:

However great be this Germany which maybe you will be called upon to defend with your arms [he is addressing the recruits], yet it is small compared to that which, thanks to you, it will become, it must become! Within a few years the German flag will wave over eighty-six million Germans and these will rule a stretch of land inhabited by a hundred and thirty million Europeans. In that great realm the Germans alone will possess political rights, the Germans alone serve in army and navy, they alone will own land. The Germans will then be what they were in the Middle Ages, a master-nation, who will graciously permit the lesser nations under its sway to perform the lower labors.

A caricature, of course; but not caricatured beyond recognition for the reader of newspapers and of certain Imperial utterances.

As Marbach finishes his speech something unexpected occurs:

Over the rope which held back the crowd, a small old man, whose monkey-like face was framed in waving white hair, and who wore a wide shiny black coat and a white *piqué* waistcoat, nimbly climbed. Rapidly he traversed the free space between the crowd and the raised platform, and in another moment stood upon it.

This is Professor Zimmermann, bent upon "answering back" the Major, who in the speech just concluded has attacked him personally. He does not get beyond a few words, but these are telling.

"Bismarck is dead!" he says, amongst other things. "Beware of the false Bismarcks who run about in the Empire in dozens to-day! Look, there is one!"

And he points to the Major, then retires, perforce, in a fury, shouting into his antagonist's face: "You have wanted to kill Thought; Thought will kill you."

Almost immediately after this, Marbach, having taken his place in his carriage, is startled into a dead faint by the explosion of a bomb concealed within the hood. Not quite unnaturally, the utterer of the ominous words last quoted, and who, moreover, has been seen entering the carriage *remise* (where in point of fact he had been to fetch his botanical bag, there deposited), is arrested as the probable criminal. Some excellent fooling follows, in which the "higher model" is faithfully copied in the flying about of telegrams announcing to all the Courts of Europe that His Serene Highness Otto, Prince of Rothberg, has by the Grace of God and almost miraculously escaped from the execrable attempt which, though badly bungled, had evidently aimed at his life. The answer to this being a message from Berlin (which has long been watching its opportunity) to the effect that a Prussian garrison will shortly appear, in order to watch over the future

safety of Rothberg and of his Serene Highness.

Meanwhile, the professor, who flatly declines to defend himself, has been put into a picturesque but somewhat damp dungeon, where his disciples sit at his feet, and his adoring wife vainly implores him to declare his innocence; while all over the Empire a newspaper war rages for and against him. On the eve of the trial the problem is solved by the confession of the thirteen-year-old Prince Max. It was he who, with the aid of an accomplice, had placed the home-made bomb in the hood of the detested Major's carriage; and even in the anguish of his avowal he obstinately declares his regret at having failed to kill the man before whose riding-whip he has secretly shivered for years. He is very mildly punished by Prince Otto, only too thankful to hush up the sensation which his injudicious telegram had aroused, and much annoyed by the Prussian garrison.

This is the outline of events. As to the ostensible object of the book, it does not seem to us to have been fully attained. The pictures of the "New Germany" tally wonderfully; those of the "Old Germany" fall somewhere. To begin with, its representative, "Moloch," verges dangerously upon caricature, a sort of blend of all the types of learned and absent-minded professors who form a standing dish in German comic papers. Listen to this sketch of his table manners:

... occasionally he mislaid his fork, and occasionally his knife; put back the salt-spoon into the mustard-pot, or poured vinegar into his wine-glass. ... His superhuman monkey-face creased itself deeply under the double motion of mastication and talk, and the orbs of his eyes revolved under the pale lashes like fast-going wheels.

He also smashes his glass upon the pepper-pot, spills his coffee over his

waistcoat, and performs all the accepted feats of this type of personage. It is difficult to take such a clown as this quite seriously, and therefore it becomes difficult to take seriously the book which chiefly rests upon him. But he undoubtedly knows how to talk. The discourses which, Socrates-like, he holds in prison are occasionally dazzling.

Oh, Thought [he calls out on one of these occasions], you are the real Force, for nothing exists before you. . . . The whole of old Greece has disappeared under the ruins of history, and yet it still lives and moves in eternal youth in Homer, Xenophon, Plato, Sophocles. In vain have the Russian legions and the barbarian hordes trampled its soil and thrown its children into chains! In vain has Time wrecked its pillars and crumbled its palaces; the Greece of the past remains a real, a present fact much more real and present than the Greece of to-day. . . . In the same way the Germany of Prince Bülow, yes, even the Germany of Bismarck, has only a passing reality. It is an expression of momentary geography, like the realm of Alexander, or of the great Karl, like the France of 1810. . . . But there exists an eternal Germany, which can resist all the rude enmity of man, can resist even the destruction of Time, the Germany of Ideas. . . . German Thought, thou art the real German Force! Thy name is Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and also Bach, Beethoven, Wagner. . . . Let the whole political and social order be overturned upon German soil, nothing will be able to hinder German Thought and German sentiment from living on in these great Germans! Oh, German Might!—Might of Thought, stronger than everything, I worship thee! To thee do I raise my glass! (which, needless to say, is a beer-glass).

All this, though somewhat showily put, is striking. But look at the central argument close—that is at the very corner-stone of the book—and you will discover a flaw. To oppose thinking

Germany to bullying Germany as two separate and distinct things is not strictly logical. They may be contrasts, but they are not strangers to each other, since necessarily the one has proceeded from the other. To quote the eminent critic Jules Bois, speaking of this very book:

How does he (Professor Zimmermann) not know that it is philosophical Germany which has created the dominating and brutal Germany? The categorical imperative of Kant impresses upon our neighbors that terrible "duty" of the regeneration of rights, a duty which springs from the individual conscience, and which thus becomes nothing but a form of exalted egoism. Hegel is still more inexorable. How often, since 1820, has he formulated the law that only the victor has reason on his side, that always the stronger man is the better man. He has created Berlin arrogance, and from the height of his Prussian university seat he has placed Thought in the service of Authority. He is the master of Bismarck. . . .

And what of Nietzsche, who alone has quite thrown off the mask? But such reflections lead too far.

All these things "Moloch" ignores, and therefore it is that even his most fascinating discourses lack the extreme point of conviction.

On the other hand, the pictures of actual conditions in Germany, the silhouettes of incidental persons—as, for instance, of the gold-betressed station-master who "counted the travellers with a glance as stern as though they were prisoners brought out of a recently won battle"—are drawn with a master hand. Excellently, too, has Prévost touched off that peculiar sensitiveness which springs from uneasy self-recognition, and which is always prompting a German to assure any alien bearer that he is quite as highly civilized as the other may think himself. "We are no barbarians!" Dhu-

bert is told continually, and smiles as he hears it, mindful of the saying of his country that *qui s'excuse s'accuse*. Is M. Prévost aware, however, that Dhubert himself illustrates the saying quite as vividly by his repeated repudiations of Gallic frivolity? "We are not frivolous and superficial," he seems to be saying, as often, "if not as explicitly, as Prince Otto says 'We are not barbarians.'"

So much for the "purpose" of the story. As for the acting personages, they all of them suffer a little from the defect of "Moloch" himself—that of belonging rather too obviously to types. The most individual of all seems to us the little Prince Max, with his rebellious and secretly tortured boy's soul, dominated in the last instance by the pride of race. Gritte, the schoolgirl, is lightly and crisply drawn; but she, too, is a type, her Gallic grace and *terre* being so obviously required as a set-off to German heaviness. With all its shortcomings, this remains a brilliant and in many ways a suggestive book, with the sparkle of French *esprit*, the charm of graceful fancies upon every page. But it is not the book which Marcel Prévost evidently thought it would be. Dexterous and nimble his pen has always been, but for the treatment of so big a theme it lacks weight. He neither soars high enough nor delves deep enough. The Giant's Robe remains at least a size too large for him, even when he stands on tiptoe.

Of a very different type is *L'Île Inconnue*, by the lady who calls herself "Pierre de Coulevain," and whose *Sur la Branche* not long ago captured the literary world. It was only by stretching a point that *Sur la Branche* could be ranged as a novel; for although two young people actually did "get each other" within its pages, the thread of narrative obviously served only for the more convenient stringing together of a chaplet of miscellaneous essays. The



same plan has been adopted here, with the difference that the thread is yet slenderer and the essays less miscellaneous, since they more distinctly make for a whole—that whole being avowedly a better understanding between the two nations which the author evidently regards as the two great forces of the future. Here is a purpose with a vengeance!—one that has grown straight out of the *Entente Cordiale*, as indeed Pierre de Coulevain is at no pains to deny. In her preface already she puts to rest all doubts upon this subject.

The Unknown Island! [she exclaims]. It does not lie, as might be supposed, in the Pacific or the Polar Ocean, but at seven and a half hours from Paris, *viâ* Calais-Douvres. . . Steamers come and go between us, a cable unites us; we are in communication, we are not yet in communion. For the majority of Frenchmen it is a *terra incognita*. Our insular neighbors are in the same case. We have mutually calumniated each other, hurling injurious epithets at each other's heads, as might do two child nations. . . "You are an immoral people!" was shouted to us from across the Channel. "You are hypocrites, whitened sepulchres, egoists," was the reply from over here.

And further on:

And yet it is not without design that Providence has placed the Englishman and the Frenchman in face of each other. The masculine and the feminine element must exist in the whole universe, even in the Creator himself. The Saxon and German races are eminently masculine, the Latin and Slav races eminently feminine. If you look close, you will perceive that their quarrels have chiefly been quarrels of sex.

This theory of the masculine England and the feminine France may be called the foundation of the book. It is "Mr. John Bull" and "Madame la France" all through. And how deter-

mined the narrator is to reconcile the couple is best shown in the concluding words of the preface:

The Chinese wall which ignorance had raised in the middle of *La Manche* lowers daily. Once disappeared, both English and French will be astonished to discover how many true and honest people it hid. The work of demolition was started long since. In making public these pages of my journal, written within the precincts of the Unknown Island itself, I am but adding my small stroke of the hammer.

In the interest of those who prefer to take their politics separate from their fiction, we hasten to explain that the present mixture need not frighten off the most restive reader. Despite the confessed aim, politics do not show at all in the concoction, but only common sense, shrewd observation, ripe reflection, and a perfect fund of eminently French wit. Any one desirous of seeing themselves "as others see us" can do no better than take to hand *L'Ile Inconnue*. He will not be either thrilled nor unpleasantly excited, but he will be amused, interested, perhaps even absorbed, and from time to time he will lower the book and exclaim, verbally or mentally, "Oh, come, is that really so?" presently to add, in nine cases out of ten, "Yes, I suppose it is." Occasionally he may feel provoked, though never actually sore; for that Pierre de Coulevain's hand is too light, her sympathy too large and too unmistakable. Besides, the praise heavily outweighs the blame, and, but for the presence of the latter, might at moments brush the fulsome.

The frame which she has chosen for the pictures of English life destined for the enlightenment of her own countrymen is of the simplest. The chance acquaintance made at Monte Carlo of an English mother and daughter leads to a month spent at Wimbledon, and dur-



ing that month the narrator is witness of the change of fortune of her hosts by the falling in of an inheritance long expected, and which transforms them from suburb-dwellers to "county people." Also she comes in for the charming idyll of the elder son's betrothal to a typical English girl of the rather improbable name of Ruby, and which takes place on the banks of the Thames and within the grounds of a lady farmer, who is making her fortune by raising poultry for London. All quite typical, as you perceive. Also Edith, the daughter, very appropriately now meets again the hero of a past romance; while Jack, the younger brother, returns from Canada just in time to give the reader a glimpse of the colonial Englishman and to rejoice his heart by the prospect of yet another happy marriage.

But all these things are really superfluous. Pierre de Coulevain can be a narrator when she chooses; but it would almost seem that she must be a philosopher and an observer, whether she chooses or not.

And the result of her observations upon us in particular?

Attempting to sum up the judgment passed upon us, we would say that, according to Pierre de Coulevain, we are the bravest, the most loyal, the proudest, the dullest, the most kind-hearted, the most chivalrous, the most narrow and the cleanest-minded, the vainest, the most hospitable, and, above all, the most snobbish people that ever walked God's earth. It is the snobbishness which evidently has left the deepest impression. To this almost every observation returns as to its source. Hear this:

The humblest menial apes his employer, the maid copies her mistress as closely as she dares. From the bottom to the top of the ladder there is servile imitation of all that is above. And the wiles that are conceived, the

strategy displayed, the meannesses stooped to in order to gain footing on the higher rung, are indescribable. The lower middle-class courts the middle-class, the middle-class courts the upper middle-class, the upper middle-class courts the aristocracy, the aristocracy courts royalty . . . and royalty courts his Majesty, Money. The process stops here, because, in this order of things, there exists nothing higher.

Is this really so? Yes, I suppose it is, although we cannot see in snobbishness an Anglo-Saxon monopoly.

. . . Snobbishness has an enormous part in the loyalty of the English towards their sovereigns. I imagine that these last have no illusions whatever on this point. The death of Queen Victoria most undoubtedly awoke sincere regrets, but these regrets were nicely tempered by the satisfaction of wearing mourning for a queen—just the same as Court people. The smallest felt themselves raised by this. Certain middle-class women took on an air of importance, quite comical, and displayed a pretty disdain for republican nations, deprived of such an honor. It was some of the best comedy imagined by Nature.

But do not take all this for blame. Pierere de Coulevain's optimism is so deep-rooted that she contrives to find not only an excuse for snobbishness, but even a use.

The vulgar and ridiculous side of snobbishness was the only one to strike me formerly. Nowadays it appears to me as a force set up by Nature in guise of a curb to many violent instincts of our neighbors, and destined to polish and refine them. An individual who plays at being a gentleman becomes one up to a certain point. The woman of low birth, who attempts to resemble a lady will succeed more or less. She lowers her voice, watches herself critically from morning to night, practises generosity. She is on the way of progress.

And, again:

Snobbishness is not made for that *grande dame*, the Latin race; but the more I consider its effects and results the more am I convinced that it is necessary for the Anglo-Saxon race. It is a fundamental force, necessary for the raising of the masses.

It is not snobbishness alone which Pierre de Coulevain contemplates through rose-colored spectacles. Nowhere can she get rid of the conviction that this is, after all, the best of all possible worlds, or will be so, anyway, in the perfect time which she divines to lie ahead, when every one will be happy and good, and no one be hungry or scrofulous, an Eldorado which is apparently to be reached automatically, as it were, by the blind workings of the "Terriens," as she dubs the earth-dwellers, pushed by some exceedingly hazy "Higher Power." This Higher Power is nowhere denied and nowhere defined. As in *Sur la Branche*, here, too, the author's attitude towards all revealed religion is one of good-natured tolerance, tinged with affectionate respect. Christianity is an excellent stepping-stone to higher things. The Bible is a wonderful book which will live for ever in the library of humanity, in the guise of a relic, just as a grown man preserves the fairy-tales he used to believe in in childhood. In one word, Pierre de Coulevain belongs to those who hold that untruth is a suitable foundation to truth, and that lies are salutary and sometimes necessary.

Decidedly she shines more in her observations upon actual men and women than in speculations upon the future of humanity. The outlines of the typical Englishman and Englishwoman, and of their *pendants*, the typical Frenchman and Frenchwoman, strike us as four small masterpieces in the way of verbal portraiture. Let the following quotations, though suffering much from de-

tachment from their context, speak for themselves:

The Englishman is admirably self-possessed. He is vain of this, not without reason. He is capable of maintaining an impassive physiognomy, and only his fine skin betrays his emotions and sensations. No other man reddens so easily. He is for ever furious at not being able to command his "traitor blood," *al sangue traditore*, as say the Italians. The will is fixed, with a back-hold of obstinacy, his energies are in general concentrated upon one point at a time. He is brave by temperament, for he has the temperament of a fighter, and it is in fight, of every sort, that his master qualities show best. The instinct of emulation is the cut of the whip by which Nature obtains from the Anglo-Saxon the effort she requires. It is much weaker in the Latin race. This instinct constitutes the greatness of Great Britain and America.

In the course of demolishing the standing triple accusation of hypocrisy, egoism, and perfidy, Pierre de Coulevain then says:

In his social relations John Bull seems to me less egoistic than the Frenchman, for he is not as exclusive and much more hospitable. Besides this I have always seen him ready to place his force in the service of his neighbor, of women, of children, of animals—of smallness generally. In the society of an Anglo-Saxon I feel myself protected; in that of a Latin I feel moved to protect, and instinctively I become maternal. . . . He is wanting in intuition, in general knowledge, and has immense difficulty in assimilating strange elements, or in speaking any language but his own. This inferiority, of which he is conscious, paralyzes and secretly exasperates him. His pride and his vanity suffer therefrom. All this he hides under a haughty indifference. Yet it requires but a small advance, a trifling amiability from a stranger, to thaw him completely. This well-balanced nature is incapable of *élan* and little given to impulses.

Before rendering any one a service he always reflects, but once the service is rendered it will never be reproached. He is at once good-hearted and cold-visaged, tender of feeling, and hard of aspect, inwardly gentle, outwardly harsh.

To all this there is little to object, but to the scourging of masculine vanity which follows we feel inclined to demur. To be told that Englishmen are "valner of their plumes than any women," that dress forms one of their habitual subjects of conversation, is so much of a revelation as to savor of incredibility.

And now look at the *pendant*:

The Frenchman! He appears to me of medium height, nervous and delicately made; never as ugly as an Anglo-Saxon, never as beautiful either. The upper part of the face, the forehead and eyes is full of intellectual force and expression. The nose, chin, and mouth are weak and betray sensuality. . . . Nobody wore better the costume of other days than the Frenchman, no one wears the modern costume worse. His temperament is in visible rebellion to these hard lines; it is all he can do to keep them in shape. His predilection for open collars, floating ties, soft shirt-fronts, are proofs of the hereditary memory, reminiscences of the brilliant plumage of long ago. . . . I attribute to the Latin element his feminine essence, his intuition, his need of artistic perfection, his fine sensuality, also his frequent enthusiasms, his want of practical sense, of organization and of discipline. To the Celtic element his passionate violence, his idealism, his obscure dreams, his turn of wit—at once brilliant and gross. To the Gallic element his power of foresight, his fear of the morrow, his lightning flashes of wisdom, his tenacity, that undercurrent of egoism and avarice which paralyzes his first fine impulses, for his first impulse is fine. When these forces are about equally balanced he is, as an Englishman said to me, "the right thing,"—perfection. That is why we see him thirst for

justice and unjust, in love with liberty and incapable of understanding it, great and trivial, maker and destroyer of idols. That is why we find his thought upon all the summits and in all the mud-pools. After the Slav soul there is no soul more shaded, more elaborated. . . . With him it is always the hour he wants, and not the hour it is. He is a waster of minutes. Like a child he plays on the road, then runs in order to catch up the time lost; and he catches it up. The prosperity of his country proves it. A marvellous intuition aids him in his task. No one possesses more native science. It is thanks to this gift that, in spite of his schoolboy escapades he arrives an easy first in art, in science, and in certain industries. . . .

The Englishman is human electricity canalized, following a rigid thread and never missing the receptor. The Frenchman is free electricity. His sparks and waves pour to the right and to the left, and do not all arrive at the point they should touch. What matter? They are not lost for life.

Shrinking space forbids us to do for the female type portrait what we have attempted to do for the male; but the opening sentence will foreshadow the rest:

To the majority of the French the Englishwoman is a woman with yellow or red hair, freckles, protruding teeth and big feet, a woman who scales mountains and reads the Bible.

To the majority of the English the Frenchwoman is a graceful, frivolous, and perverse woman, who deceives her husband. That is how, in the beginning of the twentieth century, women who stand on the top of the psychological ladder are still judged. It is shameful and irritating.

Follows then the confronting of the traditional portraits with the actual ones, a process in which, though the palm of domestic virtues inclines, on the whole, to the author's own countrywomen, that of public ones is unhesitatingly assigned to the Englishwoman.

"The Republic has got no women!" she exclaims regretfully; "and, what is worse, it does not want any!" And, again: "It is men who keep house for Madame la France." Our female activities, our hospitals, our policemen, our bathrooms, and our nurseries all form objects of undisguised and somewhat envious admiration. The nurseries, in especial, receive a perfect hymn of praise, but not the school-rooms. We are excellent guardians of babies, it seems, but we are no educators of the young mind.

It would be time to close the volume, but in every page the eye is caught by passages which positively scream for quotation. We can do no more than collect a few of the most importunate, almost at random:

French gaiety shines of itself; English gaiety is like a match which requires friction in order to take fire.

The English crowd has got fists, the French crowd has got claws; and you feel that these claws will appear upon the smallest provocation.

The morality of the Anglo-Saxon race is austerer, purer, than the morality of the Latin race, but its immorality is infinitely worse. This explains itself by the very strength of its racial character, by the power of its instincts, whether good or bad. In French immorality there is more form than substance, in English immorality more substance than form.

You feel and love London with your mind; you feel and love Paris with your temperament and your soul.

The Anglo-Saxon seems to me to stand nearer to God, the Latin nearer to the gods.

England is the only country in which it is good to be a queen or a horse.

We began by saying that this is a very different sort of book from the one above reviewed, but upon a closer view at least one point of resemblance is discoverable. For if in Marcel Prévost's novel—though only as a sub-mo-

tive, so to say—we have the Frenchman opposed to the German, here we have him contrasted to the Englishman, and this time with an aim which we do not think can be entirely missed. In-corrigible matchmaker as Pierre de Coulevain is, she may rest satisfied with having pushed Madame la France a little further into Mr. John Bull's arms. Mere acquaintance with the narrator is enough to destroy on this side of the Channel many prejudices regarding Frenchwomen. There must be many more Pierre de Coulevains across La Manche, even if inarticulate ones; and if the *Entente Cordiale* is to bring them nearer to us, we can only be the gainers.

If *L'Île Inconnue* may be classed as a patriotic book, in the best sense of the word, Abel Hermant's *Les Grands Bourgeois* almost deserves to be called the reverse; the pictures of French society under the Third Republic, as here presented, not being by any means calculated to awaken foreign sympathies. Here, once more, we have a study of race, only that in this case the Frenchman is not contrasted with either German or Englishman, but only with the different developments of himself. The "Grands Bourgeois," among whom M. Hermant comprises people with money, as well as their friends, such as senators, academicians, journalists, authors of note, and also bearers of title in search of the necessary material for the regliding of their coronets, cut anything but fine figures upon these pages.

Of story, strictly speaking, there is none; the different chapters giving rather the impression of a series of Kodaks taken from life, or, more truly—for life is never quite so uniformly absurd as this—of a bundle of sheets out of the portfolio of a very much up-to-date cartoonist. That M. Hermant regards himself as an historian is proved by the inscription which the title-pages

of all his more recent novels have borne—"Mémoires destined to serve the History of Society." Doubtless the intention is sincere but this is a case of being betrayed by one's own gift. With so keen an eye for the ridiculous, it becomes almost a psychical necessity to draw caricatures instead of portraits. With the weapon of such inimitably caustic laconism in your hand, how resist the temptation of overdrawing? Nor is the weapon, in this instance, put to nearly so cruel a use as it might have been. Nobody is actually very bad, though every one is rather ridiculous. It is not so much the vices as the foibles of his fellow-creatures which attract Abel Hermant's peculiar make of shafts. It is equally true that nobody either is very good. In all the different family groups led forth for our entertainment far more than for our edification, we cannot discern a single truly high-minded man, nor a single truly high-principled woman. In one of the most startlingly cynical books, M. Hermant, indeed, admits that quite a number of honest men and women still exist in France; but their domestic virtues evidently do not tempt his pen. Reverence is a quality which we should take to be non-existent in his nature; but, fortunately, so is grossness. A master in equivocation, he is often slippery, but never coarse. Thus it becomes possible to swallow this highly seasoned dish without too deep a repugnance, at moments even with that keen enjoyment which the right use of satire ever produces.

Among the groups used as illustrations of modern French manners there is a wide range of types. There is the *ménage* Hennebault, to begin with, representative of tradition—she *dévot*e, economical and eternally solicitous about everything, beginning with the virtue of her adolescent son, and ending with the question as to how many

cakes will be saved from her afternoon reception; he diabetic and passive; while Philippe, the adolescent in question, is chiefly occupied in meditating upon his chances of evading conscription. Then the *ménage* Bricquart, which stands for ultra-radicalism and anticlericalism, with a beautiful and emancipated daughter, brought up upon the very newest principles, and anxious to vindicate her education by taking part in the most questionable discussions. Another *ménage*, the couple Souvré, afford us the spectacle of a modern man of letters who is yet more a man of the world and of pleasure, horribly bored by his pretty and foolish wife, and absorbed by the question of how to get rid of her. A fourth family group is formed by the widowed Comte de la Gulthardière and his youthful son, who desolates his father's heart not only by the increasing length of his limbs which so inconveniently mark the passage of time, but also by the approach of his eighteenth birthday, upon which the maternal fortune is to pass into his immature hands. It is the dread of this evil day which brings the elderly *beau* to the feet of Mme. Jourd'heuil, who, although the widow of a *parvenu* Croesus, finds some difficulty in forcing the doors of Parisian drawing-rooms.

Besides these groups there are various single figures, each an unmistakable silhouette; the worldly-minded, easy-going, yet sincere priest who directs the consciences of the Hennebault family; the retired navy captain whose sole *raison d'être* is newspaper correspondence of a marine nature, and for the moment literally living upon the movements of the Russian and Japanese fleets; Richard Peaussier, the admirably insolent youth who triumphs by the sheer force of impertinence, and blossoms out finally into the worst type of "responsible" (or irresponsible) editor; Lancel-Courtols, "tame cat" in the Hennebault household, and suspected



of being something more than a mere friend to Philippe's mother.

None of these people are actually described—fixed rather by some single *trait*, usually presented with a certain paradoxical and sometimes overstrained twist. Thus La Guithardière is "a man of fifty, who shows his years, but in a roundabout fashion; he looked like a man of thirty-five who looked like a man of fifty." The Baron d'Epernans was "so well framed in his whiskers that he did not look like a real navy officer, but rather like an actor who has got himself up in marvellous imitation of a naval officer."

Mme. Bricquart and her daughter Hélène are "beautiful in the way that Brummel did not like to be well-dressed. ('If it is noticed that I am well-dressed,' he would say, 'then I am not well-dressed')."

Mme. Hennebault has been *chiffonnée* at fifteen, and is *fripée* at fifty. Also she belongs to those people "who have washed their hands for five or six generations."

It is in her drawing-room that we first witness the meeting of the mixed elements. Lately it has been virtually closed, owing not so much to the state of her husband's health as to that of public opinion.

Passions, during the last seven or eight years, have been so heated that a hostess prizing her drawing-room ornaments hesitates to assemble under her roof people of opposite opinions.

To-day she was hazarding a stroke: having assured herself that the "Affaire" had ceased to stir up passions, she had concluded, somewhat hastily, that peace was made, and for the first time she was attempting a mixture. She was much alive to the part she was playing, and therefore full of emotion.

The experiment goes off well, though not without critical junctures. Thus

La Guithardière is on the very crest of a diatribe against the "dirty Government" working for the separation of Church and State when enter Mme. Bricquart, whose husband is the author of one of the projects of separation. Mme. Hennebault attempts to save the situation by boldly sticking to the dangerous topic, with the added explanation that in *her* house these things were treated from a very high point of view, and that "viewed from a certain height contradictory opinions become identical." But Mme. Bricquart does not follow to the height suggested. "She gave all these people to understand that she guessed the essence of their thoughts, and that in her eyes they were all idiots."

After this promising start we assist at La Guithardière's hesitating courtship of Mme. Jourd'heuil, in the course of which we get various highly entertaining *clichés* of Parisian life. One of the most entertaining is the dinner by which the elderly Count seeks to pay off his social obligations. Here, too, politics inevitably intrude, for Morocco lies heavy in the air, and a few minutes before the arrival of the first guest the host is told by a passing deputy that war may be expected within twenty-four hours. The evening cannot but stand in the sign of Mars.

The Bricquarts and the Mennechets made an almost simultaneous appearance. The reactionary deputy appeared no less agitated than, lately, M. Chapareillan; and his complexion, usually of a reddish-violet, now verged on the livid. He threw furious glances at the radical deputy, who wore the bellicose look of people whose cause is not good. Mme. Bricquart and Mlle. Hélène Bricquart had, doubtless for the same reason, the same expression of physiognomy. Every one felt that the fatal subject must not be openly approached; but, unable to talk of any-



thing else, small sympathizing groups discoursed in whispers.

The poor Count began to despair, when at last he caught sight of the Baron d'Epernans, of whom he was not thinking at all. This was salvation! The Baron d'Epernans furnished another general subject of conversation, the Russian-Japanese war; and there were enough connections as well as differences between this subject and the one of which all fought shy to interest everybody without frightening anybody.

M. le Comte de la Guithardière donned a jocular air and demanded the Baron's opinion of President Roosevelt's action. But M. le Baron d'Epernans displayed the face of a man who deprecates mockery. He could not see what there was to laugh about. His position, painful enough during the months when news of the two war-fleets tarried, critical since the destruction of one of these fleets, became simply grotesque if peace were signed. The initiative of President Roosevelt seemed to him explicable only through a particular hostility towards himself, the Baron d'Epernans; he made of the continuation of the war a personal question, and produced arguments so manifestly senseless that an embittered discussion was engaged.

This *début* was regrettable, and M. de la Guithardière, in a cold sweat, asked himself why the d— dinner was not being announced—

In the course of the meal which follows, Pierre Souvré nearly comes to blows with the impudent Peaussier on the subject of the anti-militarism professed by the latter, and finally the dinner, started lugubriously, ends tumultuously.

Fresh applause from Mme. Jourd'heull encouraged the young author. Fixedly regarding Mennechet, he declared that the regrettable attitude of the deputies was what disgusted him most.

Mennechet, instead of answering, turned to Bricquart, and, no less violently, asked:

"What have you done with the war funds these last ten years? Why does our ammunition fail? Where is our money gone to?"

Bricquart's answer was doubtless given in the same tone, but not a syllable was audible, for abruptly the battle became general and the noise so awful that the adversaries were reduced to supplement by their gestures the invectives which could no longer be heard. Mme. Bricquart and Mme. Jourd'heull made themselves particularly conspicuous by their fishwife pantomime.

M. le Comte de la Guithardière assisted at the combat, helpless and desperate, while Mme. Henneboul took short sniffs at her smelling-bottle and uttered little cries like those usually uttered on a switchback railway. The footmen, impassible, passed round the table huge baskets of fruits, which the guests devoured with the appetite of Homeric heroes, while reviling each other after the fashion of these.

One passage in the book makes us wonder what can be M. Hermant's personal grievance against women-authors. An entire chapter is devoted not only to ridiculing, but also to dishonoring them. By what he defines as an "Epidemy," all the women in the book are at a given moment seized with the pen-and-ink mania. It is the unfortunate Souvré whom they select as their confidant. Mme. Henneboul opens the dance by handing him over the MS. of a 320-page novel and of a five-act play, with the request that he should pass on the first to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the second to the Comédie Française. Arriving at Mme. Jourd'heull, despondently laden with the heavy MS., he finds her reading aloud to a chosen few what she describes as an "antique novel," and once more finds his assistance claimed. The widow tells him frankly that she does not expect to eclipse Loti, and will be satisfied with "a medium glory." Leaving her in bewilderment, he arrives at the Bric-

quarts, to be greeted by a stentorian voice declaiming, and confronted by the mistress of the house in a would-be Balzacian costume, "trying over" the sentences of her new novel with the entire strength of her lungs. Upstairs, meanwhile, the charming Hélène is reading aloud to Richard Peausnier an essay upon the sex of the master-man, or rather master-woman, of the future. Souvré, who throughout all this, and pursued by his *idée fixe* of surprising an infidelity, has been on the track of his wife, rushes home, and for a moment thinks that his dream is to be fulfilled, for Magdeleine, discovered at her writing-table, attempts, confused, to hide some sheets of paper. A guilty correspondence, of course. Pierre leaps upon them, only to find himself confronted by yet another literary effort entitled—oh, admirable irony!—*La Haine Conjugale*.

And every one of these attempts is so indecent as to cause even these anything but prude men to feel uncomfortable; pornography, pure and simple. Once again we ask, What have the women-authors been doing to M. Hermant?

Presently we meet the whole company in rural surroundings, assembled under the gorgeous roof of one of Mme. Jourd'heuil's many *châteaux*. It is in this idyllic though luxurious retreat that the news of the Peace of Portsmouth electrifies the hopelessly bored company, causing them first to stare stupidly, and then to fall into each other's arms.

Mme. Hennebault, who could not remember having wept since Philippe cut his first tooth, burst into sobs. Her arms opened automatically, and she felt an imperious, an irresistible, desire to embrace somebody. It appeared to her that the most unlikely person to embrace would be Mme. Bricquart; she therefore threw herself on the neck of that haughty lady, who was waiting

only for the pretext in order to melt into tears herself.

In the same instant a small rustic, whom Mme. Jourd'heuil had engaged for the table service and disguised as a footman, began weeping, in calf-like fashion, into the silver dish he was holding, and which, in order to cry more comfortably, he hastened to drop, half on to the Aubusson carpet and half on to the ravishing gown of Mme. Doré. But neither Mme. Doré who was particular about her dresses, nor Mme. Jourd'heuil who was not indifferent to her carpets, paid the smallest attention to the incident. Mme. Jourd'heuil had seized the two hands of M. le Comte de la Guithardière, and was making her peace with him in terms which seemed to imply a promise of marriage; Pierre and Magdeleine Souvré gazed at each other with equal tenderness; he saying to himself, "After all, she is devilishly pretty," and she, "He is a nice boy, really, and has undoubted talent."

The resourceful La Guithardière now sets about reflecting how best to extract a personal advertisement from the peace of the world. The irony of the scene in which he produces the fruits of these reflections is too exquisite to be missed:

Judging the moment favorable, M. le Comte de la Guithardière said:

"I have an idea!"

But, Mme. Bricquart having pronounced these same words, exactly in the same moment, he had to stop there, and with the gesture of a person who, before a door, yields passage to another, he surrendered his right of speech.

"I find," she continued, "that humanity should combine in order to offer to President Roosevelt a mark of gratitude and admiration."

"That was exactly my idea," said M. de la Guithardière, unable to keep himself from reddening.

"And mine," said the amiable Peausnier.

"Mine also," said Pierre Souvré.

It was everybody's idea.

"All depends," resumed M. de la Guithardière, "upon finding the present that is suitable."

Propositions of all sorts were made, all lacking originality: monument, statue, bust, branch of olive or laurel in massive gold. M. de la Guithardière smiled triumphantly. He had had an inspiration.

"A sword of honor," he said.

They thought he had lost his senses.

He continued with emphasis:

"It is not possible nor right to offer to President Roosevelt anything but a weapon, a sword by preference. I must add that if another plan were adopted, not only would I decline to take the initiative of the subscription, but I should refuse my contribution. It is clear that entire humanity is bound to prove, by a solemn manifestation, that it feels indebted to President Roosevelt for the peace of the world; but it is equally necessary to prevent the manifestation bearing what I should call a theoretically pacific character.

"It is too funny," interrupted the small Richard Peaussier.

"It is possible, sir, that this should strike you as funny," replied the Count, with an assurance which was not his habit, "but you will please notice that everybody is of my opinion."

In truth no objections were heard. The idea of offering a sword of honor to the artisan of peace had begun by startling the whole company by its grotesqueness, but M. de la Guithardière was not mistaken in concluding from the prolonged silence that people were beginning to find it ingenious.

In a few minutes more the subscription list is circulating, and that night the Count is able to lay his head on his pillow with the feeling that his day has not been lost.

Subsequently, returned to Paris, he is much annoyed by the Baron d'Epernans, who, in a desperate effort to dis-

cover a new *raison d'être*, founds a committee for the preservation of the Bois de Boulogne, threatened by some huge industrial project. When first he reappears in Mme. Hennebault's drawing-room he is instinctively taken for a ghost. It did not seem logically possible that this particular writer of war articles should have survived the proclamation of peace. Witness of the sensation caused by his new *coups* La Guithardière grinds his teeth.

"Oh," thought he, "that animal . . . what a wonderful find he has made! He will be celebrated to-morrow—why, even to-day. This quite knocks into the shade my sword of honor for President Roosevelt, which already nobody is thinking of. Ah! why was it not I who invented the trick of the Bois de Boulogne!"

Meanwhile, more fortunate in matrimonial than in social undertakings, the Count's courtship is crowned, and not his alone. For Peaussier, the impudent journalist, woos Héléne Bricquart, or rather takes the opportunity of signifying to her that he intends to marry her, as soon as professional occupations give him the necessary leisure. A little adventure, due to his anti-militarist tendencies, and in the course of which he gets beaten black and blue, hastens Héléne's surrender.

She felt that she could not let languish any longer a man capable of receiving such thumps because of a theoretical fear of blows!

The scene of their wedding—a strictly "civil" wedding, of course, undarkened by the shadow of any priest—is the last in the book, and undoubtedly its climax.

Up to this moment M. Hermant has only been mocking and occasionally grinning; in this closing passage we begin to wonder whether he has not been mocking with a purpose. Without doffing the cap and bells of the

Court fool, he appears unexpectedly to be wrapping himself in the mantle of the prophet.

Among the novelties of contemporary psychology [he remarks], the wish to marry a woman actually under marital authority is one of the most recent developments, as well as the most frequent and recognized, astonishing only to far-off provincials, or obstinate reactionaries. Young men desirous of establishing themselves, and strong in arithmetic, readily abandon young girls in order to court women provisionally married. And the correctness of this calculation is manifest; for a young girl has only got her dowry, which nine times in ten is not considerable, and which eight times in nine is not paid, while a married woman who divorces carries off, besides her own dowry, half of the fortune of the husband she deserts.

But the most significant of all is the closing scene as viewed through the eyes of Pierre Souvré, whose desire to be rid of his wife had been much quickened by that of possessing both Héléne Bricquart and her fortune. Now he is assisting at her marriage to another, but not for that discouraged:

In truth, this marriage altered nothing in the situation. Pierre had dreamed of marrying Héléne Bricquart while he himself was married; now she was marrying;—it was only a small added difficulty, not very grave.

And a little further:

Pierre Souvré . . . preferred to look at Héléne, the lowness of whose dress stirred his indignation. He was not, strictly speaking, jealous. He could look alternately at that beautiful uncovered neck, and at Richard Peauslier, without being troubled by any too disagreeable association of ideas. His feeling was rather that of a husband who finds that the attire of his wife is wanting in modesty, and who inwardly vows to give her his opinion

of such conduct. "She will not be as *décolletée* as this when she is my wife," he said to himself.

A few touches of fine observation help to make the picture less repulsive. Thus Pierre, to his astonishment, notes that the lay functionary,

while rattling off his string of phrases and political allusions, was, contrary to all probability, convinced, moved, sincere. He saw also that Héléne Bricquart, the young girl who had read everything and before whom everything has been said, was not more exempt from the usual anxieties than a *naïve*, or a goose . . .

Also, visibly troubled by the *décolletage* which she herself had insisted upon, she muffles herself in her veil, "like a bather in his cloak."

A minute later, cornered by a reporter who for days has been dogging his steps in order to extract from him his views upon the expansion of divorce, Pierre thus airs his sentiments:

" . . . What I perceive to be most typical in the French *bourgeoisie* of to-day is its tendency to free unions."

"Ah, dear master," said the young reporter, with emotion, "I knew well that a spirit as bold and dashing as yours could only—"

Pierre broke in:

"Please note," said he, "that free unions do not shock me theoretically any more than any other sort of union. . . ."

"You allow me to publish this?" asked the reporter anxiously.

"I ask you to do it. But," pursued Pierre, "what I consider inexpressibly comical is that the *bourgeoisie*, the unconscious *bourgeoisie*, should amalgamate its ideas of to-day, which are anarchical, with those old prejudices of which it will never shake itself free. It wants to practise the free union, but it prefers that this free union should continue to be called marriage. . . . A young person who takes a man and

leaves him again as soon as he has ceased to please her, in order to take another, whom she will leave for the same reason, and a third one, and so on—what more natural? more human?"

"What indeed?" said the reporter.

"But it strikes me as admirably bourgeois that this young person should feel the need of having all her lovers inscribed, one after the other, upon the State registers."

"Truly yes, dear master," said the reporter, whose profession had developed the bump of assent.

"You would do better to be looking out for our carriage instead of talking nonsense," said Magdeleine sourly.

"Who is that lady?" asked the reporter in Pierre's ear.

"It is my first wife," said Pierre.

With this sardonic word, which alone  
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evokes a new social order, the audacious book closes.

Whether M. Hermant started with the fixed intention of pointing a moral, or whether the revelation of the steepness and slipperiness of the slope upon which French society has embarked came upon him unawares, while he wrote, we do not know. It may be even that we do not read him aright. But, whether with his will or without it, his words point like warning fingers to the logical consequences of the modern relaxation of the marriage-tie.

Thus it happens that this book, in which there is scarcely one serious word, ends by leaving a serious impression.

Dorothea Gerard.

(Madame Longard de Longgarde.)

## CHANGING SKIES AND THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

If one were asked when the literature of travel began the answer would be: At least as early as Homer. The *Odyssey* is the first sentimental journey. For the ancient world all travel was romance. Primitive geography was ringed with concentric circles of mystery. The ancient mariner might chance on Siren or Cyclops even in Grecian seas, and a few days' sail in the good ship *Argo* carried him clean out of the light of common day. Experience, as Tennyson says in his "Ulysses," was an arch, where thro' gleamed the untravelled world. The gleam can never die from the untravelled world, but the untravelled world has been shrinking ever since. Greek colonies, Phœnician commerce, Roman roads knit together the ends of the ancient world. Already for Tacitus, who had a father-in-law Governor of Britain, the German wild was matter for political edification, and, like an earlier

Rousseau, he held before the Roman decadent the ideal of the simple life and noble savage. Then came the turn of the barbarians to invade Italy, and the romance was the other way about. To the warrior from the German forest or the Scythian steppe, it lay in the revelation of civilized magnificence, in the glow of Italy and the gleam of Rome. It haunted their imaginations and reappeared in "Gothic" romance in visions of Valhalla. We can only infer the feeling of the barbarians. It is a pity the tale of discovery is generally from the civilized side. "What Captain Cook thought of the Maori," says a recent writer, "is a commonplace of New Zealand literature. What the Maori thought of Captain Cook is less widely known." In this case, as it happens, some record remains. A native, who was a lad of eight when the *Endeavor* put into Mercury Bay, told the tale nearly ninety



years later to Governor Winyard. The natives had taken the strange apparition of the ship on that unvisited shore for a great white-winged sea bird, and the pinnacle for its young. The crew they recognized at once for goblins, because they rowed with their backs to the shore, and it was well known that only goblins had eyes in the backs of their heads. Moreover, when one of them held forth his walking staff, there followed lightning and thunder, and a cormorant fell dead from his perch. Many tales of civilized travelers about the natives, it may be suspected, contain no less guesswork and no more logic, and there are probably some very shaky foundation-stones under the imposing evidence of modern anthropology.

Modern ocean discovery begins, I suppose, with the Portuguese adventurers, but their Odysseys are unhappily unfamiliar. For one thing they were eclipsed by the discovery of the new world. The "new world" is now a mere newspaper phrase, and it takes an effort to realize the thrill conveyed, when the new world was in fact as in phrase a *new world*. It was as if M. Santos Dumont essaying a flight to the Poles should blunder into Mars, and come back to tell the tale. The stir and stimulus of new horizons vibrate in all the literature of the sixteenth century. It meant El Dorados and Utopias as well as heroism and adventure. The marvels of Mandeville and the crudities of Coryat are beaten alike in realism and romance by the prose record of the Elizabethan sea-dogs. Froude cried shame on England that had neglected these Homeric heroes of hers, and particularly on the Hakluyt Society that had not even edited Hakluyt. It took the society another half-century to tackle the task, and at last we owe our new Hakluyt and Purchas to a private Glasgow firm.

Exploration has been busy ever since,

and its literature is voluminous and invigorating. No such thrill of geographical discovery is reserved for the future. Only the Poles remain. There should have been a society for the preservation of open spaces for the imagination. "Native states," says Mr. Kipling, "were created by Providence in order to supply picturesque scenery, tigers, and tall writing. There are dark places of the earth full of unimaginable cruelty, touching the railway and the telegraph on one side and on the other the days of Harun-al-Raschid." Even into these a British resident is liable to let a wholesome, unromantic light. When "The Man who would be King" staggered back, the mutilated wreck of a man, into the newspaper office on the Indian frontier, Kafiristan was still a land of mystery, and Tibet a wonderland for the imagination as lately as when we first knew and loved Kim. The veil has been torn from both, and we talk as glibly about the Dalai Lama as about the Pope or Dr. Clifford. Sven Hedin has penetrated the horror of the Gobi desert and found gold in Tibet. There is a railway across Siberia; and Japan, as her Minister wittily remarked in Paris, has slaughtered half a million men and been admitted on equal terms into the communion of the civilized Powers. When some of us were young the map of Africa was, but for a fringe round the coast, a beautiful white blank of romantic possibilities. To-day the Duke of the Abruzzi compliments us on having carried civilization to the very foot of the Mountains of the Moon. Menelik keeps inviolate the mountains of Rasselas; and there is still a breezy barbarism about Morocco. Not even the picturesque Mr. Cunningham-Graham, for all his scorn of his civilized fellows, could penetrate into the forbidden city of Tarudant. But Khartum has become the climax of a Cook's tour, and the Sahara of Eugène



Fromentin has been sentimentalized into a garden of Allah for the circulating libraries.

Happily the end of exploration is not the end of travel. The beauty of travel is that every true traveller is a pioneer. Adventures are to the adventurous, and discoveries for the discoverers. No exploration could be more hazardous than Burton's pilgrimage, or Vámbéry's journey to Bokhara in the disguise of a dervish, nor any secret better kept than those they sought to unriddle. There is more than Ruritanian romance yet in the Balkan States, and it is not lost for Miss Durham or Captain von Herbert. One fine day Layard rediscovers Nineveh; another, Theodore Bent finds a buried civilization in Mashonaland. When Curzon wrote his delightful book on the monasteries in the Levant, it was a new world to Western readers; nor was he the last "wandering scholar in the Levant" to give us a capital book of sporting archaeology. Though, no doubt, old Mandeville wrote conscientiously to spread the light of knowledge about the Ark on Ararat and other marvels that had come under his vicarious observation, the book of travel for scientific discovery may be called a new kind; Darwin and Wallace were Columbases in their way, opening a new world to the intellect, new horizons for the spirit. In no adventure for adventure's sake will you find keener zest or more infectious high spirits than Miss Kingsley carried into her scientific quest among the pests of West Africa.

Consider, again, how it is only in our own time almost that the high mountains have been discovered. The people have always, in the Psalmist's phrase, lifted their eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh their help; yet it was left to a prophet of the nineteenth century to interpret their secret and preach their power. The Alps, which

to John Ruskin brought the apocalyptic vision, seemed to James Howell, our Baedeker of the seventeenth century, "high and horrid," and disfigured by snow; while to his cultivated contemporary, John Evelyn, the afforester and landscape gardener of his age, they suggested the idea that "Nature had swept up the rubbish of the earth to form and clear the plain of Lombardy." There is already a large literature of mountaineering. Perhaps the early books were the best when the mountaineers were men of letters like Leslie Stephen and John Tyndall, and the spirit was the spirit of adventure and discovery, rather than of competitive climbing. Still even in the most businesslike record of gullies attempted and pitches achieved there is generally at least the *frisson* that a famous Frenchman took for a test of fine literature. Open Mummery's book where you will, as Sir Martin Conway said, and in ten minutes you will be hanging on to your armchair for safety. That sort makes no bad reading for the sedentary citizen.

But novelty may be found at less heroic altitudes. When Stevenson prodded Modestine up the first slopes of the Cévennes, he was adventuring forth into the unknown every bit as much as if the Cévennes were Sinai or the Mountains of the Moon. When Dr. Johnson and Boswell set forth on their Tour in the Hebrides, it was, in the language of Peter Pan, "an awfully big adventure." The figure of the sage making benignant allowance for the savagery of nature on the West Highlands remains for a delightful monument on the dividing line between eighteenth and nineteenth century sentiment. Till Mr. Gilbert Watson gave us the other day his book of "Sunshine and Sentiment" Portugal had scarcely been touched since the lively sketches of the insolent and brilliant Beckford. The young Lord Dufferin had but to be-

take himself and his Irish high spirits into the High Latitudes from which he wrote his famous "Letters" to captivate a delighted audience. Southern Italy, as Magna Græcia, was an old story in classical literature, yet it seemed quite a newly discovered district when George Glissing at last escaped from his sordid Grub Street to the Ionian sea. Or the late-coming traveller may add the excitements of an obstacle race by self-imposed conditions; he may with MacGregor explore the Jordan in a canoe, or with Mr. Knight navigate the Atlantic in an eighteen-ton yawl, or with Mr. Basil Lubbock round the Horn in a wind-jammer with a crew of outcasts. This is what Mr. Hilaire Belloc did when he took on him his pilgrim's vows for his path to Rome. The vows were lightly taken, to be as lightly broken, but we owe to them the most piquant book of *Reisebilder* since Stevenson. There is always novelty for the seeing eye and original mind. What spot on earth, for example, could be more hackneyed than Venice? Yet even after Ruskin the theme was fresh for Mr. Horatio Brown. His "Life on the Lagoons" refreshed the convalescent Stevenson, who wrote a poem about this "spirited and happy book":

despite my frowning fate  
It did my soul so recreate,  
That all my fancies fled away  
On a Venetian holiday.

No country is more familiar than France. With that sweet enemy it has been fighting or embracing since we were both nations, yet in Miss Mary Robinson's book "The Fields of France" are fresh as on the first day.

Laurence Sterne, tired of being told how much better they ordered things in France, determined to cross the Channel to see for himself. The result was the immortal "Sentimental Journey." It began a new kind, the

kind that of all others I love, the kind in which the traveller is essayist first and traveller second; in which travel is ever the occasion of observation and reflection; in which, on the other hand, picturesque circumstance mitigates the egotism of the essayist; in which the little romances by the way escape the prolixity and emphasis of the novel. Heine, here as elsewhere a disciple of Sterne, wrote his sentimental journeys and called them "Reisebilder," and, of all pictures of travel, these are the most magical. Heine, no doubt, was a magician who could beguile you with a mirage. "Do you know China," he asks suddenly in a book of literary criticism, "the land of winged dragons and porcelain tea-chests? The whole country is a cabinet of curiosities, surrounded by an interminable wall guarded by ten thousand Tartar sentries. It is a country in which nature and mankind cannot look at each other without laughing; but they are too highly civilized and too polite to laugh out loud, and to contain themselves they make the oddest grimaces. It is a country without shadows and without perspective, and the brightly colored houses have for roofs tier upon tier of umbrellas with tinkling bells, which turn into a joke the very wind as it blows over them." In his "Reisebilder" he takes the extreme license of the poet and essayist. In one section, the "Book of Ideas," there is not a hint of actual travel. Even in the "Harzreise," I suppose, the first thing we think of and the last we forget is the little girl of the "Bergdylle," to whom, while her mother nodded, Heine declared himself a Knight of the Holy Ghost.

As a reader at least I had rather travel with Heine than Humboldt; rather make an inland voyage in the *Cigarette* than cross the ocean in the *Beagle*; rather ride with Kinglake in Homeric spirits into Homeric lands

than win the medal of the Geographical Society. Perhaps most amusing of all is it to spread the Protestant Bible in Catholic Spain after the original and characteristic methods of that amazing agent of the Bible Society, George Borrow. Borrow was the embodied spirit of the "Wanderlust." "There's the wind on the heath, brother," said Jasper Petulengro, and Borrow was indeed born brother of the gipsy. The wind on the heath is the spirit of freedom, refreshment, emancipation. It "bloweth where it listeth." The Bible Society, blessed be its name, sent Borrow to Spain, and incidentally to the Spanish gipsies. But a horsecopier in his own county was good enough for him, or a Methodist on the mountains of Wild Wales. The road to fairyland leads from one's own front door. Nature in the Downland of native Sussex is as fresh to Mr. W. H. Hudson as in La Plata, or the green mansions of his tropical forest. Bret Hart "spoke sarcastic," but he spoke the truth when he said that Thoreau found the freedom of the wilderness within sound of Emerson's dinner-bell. Such writers are the antithesis of the globe-

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trotter, who scampers over the whole surface of the earth only to make of his notebooks and negatives the heaviest of dull books.

I delight in those books in which the open skies mate with a free spirit; in which the dawns are the awakening of impulse and inspiration, and with the mellow suns of evening or the unexhausted magic of moonlight comes the solace of the camp, or of hospitalities uncovenanted and unhackneyed. Bliss is it in those dawns to be alive, and the glory of the evenings is the light of setting suns. The phrases came to Wordsworth, probably, on the Quantocks or the Cumberland hills. For if every open road is a road to paradise, so also is the nearest hill but a spur of the Delectable Mountains.

Then I saw in my dream that in the morning the shepherds called up Christian and Hopeful to walk with them upon the mountains. So they went forth with them and walked a while, having a pleasant prospect on every side. Then said the shepherds one to another, "Shall we show these pilgrims some wonders?"—

Happy, thrice happy, pilgrims!

*W. P. James.*

## THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

### XI.

#### A LITTLE REBEL.

When the rebellious child, Barabel, suddenly laid down her arms and consented to go quietly to school, Mr. Rory's apt simile had gained but a surface victory for William and Eppie. At heart the little girl was as obstinate as a mule. She would give no more trouble to the old people, but she would not—no, she would not—be "made into a lady." Her idea of ladies was formed from the Misses Mackenzie, daughters of the big farmer

who lived six miles up the glen from Boronach. Captain Mackenzie, their father, was a gentleman of good family, who lived like a proprietor. He was very proud, and drove to church on Sabbath-days in a close carriage, the ladies sitting beside him and looking very tall and handsome. When Eppie met them she curtsied very respectfully, and the school-children had been instructed by their parents never to pass them without "remembering their manners." Sometimes they said, "Well, little girl," to Barabel; and Miss Jane, the eldest,

looked at her with distant kindness through an eyeglass. To become like them would be intolerable. Barabel pictured herself walking about Boronach in solitary grandeur, her old friends afraid of her, the children bowing before her for all the world like the sheaves in Joseph's dream, and her eager, loving, rebellious little soul fairly shrank from the idea. No, she would go to school and say no more about it, but no school should ever in this world "make a lady" of her.

In this mood, therefore, the wild little Highland woman went to Edinburgh to a quiet, proper school, under the guardianship of Miss Gray, the quiet, kind, proper sister-in-law of the minister of Port Erran, and there for a time she fared rather miserably on the bread and water of bondage. She was very home-sick, poor soul, and the proper little girls were very obnoxious to her. They asked her where she came from, and who she was, and what her father did, and a hundred other questions that the child answered in all innocence, and then found herself plunged in depths of undreamed-of humiliation. School-girls are apt to be snobbish, especially school-girls in small boarding-schools; and Barabel learnt for the first time the bitterness of class barriers, and her proud sensitive nature suffered not a little, and she vowed more passionately than before, as she wept hot tears into her pillow at night, that she would never be that nasty spiteful thing called "a little lady." With a child's reticence and endurance she never mentioned her unhappy experiences in her letters to William and Eppie; and though in a moment of despair she wrote a letter to Colin in which she hinted that she meant to run away, he, being himself at the silent age, did not think it necessary to say anything about it. Then, strange to say, things took a turn for the better in the house of bondage.

School-girls are but human after all, and Barabel had unconsciously the indefinable quality that wins affection. She had the refinement of her race, too, and had been brought up by two people whose thoughts and actions were stamped by the grace of heaven, and so had that fine feeling in them from which springs courtesy of the highest order. In her second year at school Barabel began to find herself more at home. Her spirits rose, and she showed some trace of the wayward, mischievous, lovable little mortal she had been in Boronach; and before three years were over she was actually the most popular girl at Miss Gray's school, and almost every one laughed over her and loved her,—partly, I suppose, because of that indefinable quality mentioned above, and partly, no doubt, for the very excellent reason that the lamb loved Mary of renown! The war was over, though the scars remained.

Each summer the girl came back to Boronach, and there insisted on arraying herself in old clothes and in going about as of yore without shoes or stockings,—nothing making her so hurt or angry as to hear it said that she was growing a fine young lady, or to be teased by the Boronach people about "getting too grand for the likes of us."

It was rather a hard fate for the lass that, when she was fifteen, her roots were pulled up again, and she was sent off to London to begin a whole set of new experiences in a boarding-school there. It was part of her father's scheme for her. William and Eppie were secretly somewhat staggered at the amount of money Angus Bard sent to be expended in one year on his daughter's education: it was as much as Mr. Rory's whole income. Surely, they said to each other, Angus had become very rich. And now to think of sending Barabel to London,

like the daughter of a great gentleman! Eppie sighed, and William's beautiful face wore a look of anxiety as he thought of his "dear little lassie" amid the snares of the great world, and his prayers became filled with wistful references to that mystic inheritance which is "incorruptible and undefiled." Angus's letters were curiously reserved, telling no more about himself and his affairs than the first one had done, holding out no immediate prospect of a return to the old country.

Mr. Rory looked grave over the new instructions. "If I am not mistaken," said he, "Angus is sowing sorrow for that child. He is trying to make her what the Almighty did not make her, and I think she will pay a price for it."

He looked heavily at William from under those shaggy eyebrows of his. "Ah, William!" he said in his big voice, "on the road across the wilderness those travel easiest who travel light."

Despite these misgivings, however, Mrs. Mactavish of Port Erran was consulted once more, and again she wrote an account of the whole situation to Miss Gray; and Miss Gray sent the letter, with another of her own, to the head-mistress of a very superior London boarding-school who happened to be a friend of her own; and that lady, after knitting her clear calm brows over both epistles, and considering them very carefully, agreed, in the very exceptional circumstances, to receive Miss Barabel Grant among her very select pupils; and poor Barabel was packed off after the summer holidays to "pastures new," and went with a rebellious heart and the courage of a melancholy little Spartan to meet her fate.

With the remainder of the girl's school-days our tale is not much concerned, yet one little melo-dramatic incident must be told. It occurred on the evening after her arrival in Lon-

don; and to understand how it came about, it must be remembered that she was highly sensitive, and went to her new school nervously expecting and dreading a repetition of her early experiences when she first left Boronach. Merry, high-spirited little person as she was, the childish ordeal had left its mark upon her, and she felt constantly that she was being thrust against her will into a world that did not want her, and in which she was an intruder. Once, at Miss Gray's Christmas party, she had overheard a thoughtless lady inquire loudly where the little crofter girl was who was supposed to be an heiress; and "Oh dear, what a disagreeable expression!" she had murmured a moment later, gazing across the room at crimson Barabel, who was fiercely counting the years till she might go back to Boronach for ever. Mr. Rory was right when he thought that Angus Bard had prepared a thorny path for his foolish, proud little daughter.

To our modern minds Miss Willard's very superior school would appear old-fashioned indeed. It was not at all athletic. In these days young ladies were not supposed to romp about like hoydens: they never performed gymnastic feats, or played wild games, or used slang even of the mildest possible description. They were guarded by governesses who were elderly and severe, and the only form of recreation known to the particular young ladies to whom we refer was to sit round a long table for a couple of hours each evening and do embroidery, while Miss Willard read aloud from D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation." To be sure, there were bold spirits who ventured to strike out paths for themselves,—one young lady, for instance, who chafed against the law which forbade the purchase of confections, managing to possess herself of a bottle of glycerine for sore throats, and on



Sunday afternoons, when life was peculiarly dreary, contriving to escape surreptitiously to her room, where she found great satisfaction in mixing a teaspoonful of the sweet sticky stuff in water and drinking it off with slow satisfaction. Barabel herself, too, once lowered a sixpence from a window by means of a string, with a note attached which besought "a very honest-looking" butcher's boy to expend the amount in a certain kind of rock, and to tie the parcel containing the half—only the half—to the string, by means of which it might be drawn up. The boy departed with alacrity, but alas for human nature! the string remained dangling at the window, and no delightful parcel of confections was ever attached to the end of it.

Yet notwithstanding the small vent for superfluous energy which those daring efforts after amusement imply, Barabel and her companions had not such a dull time as the modern maiden might suppose. D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation" proved wonderfully interesting when there was nothing else to be had; and when drawing and dancing and music-masters came direct from the Palace to teach Miss Willard's young ladies, it was most entertaining to hear how the young princes and princesses had behaved that day, and to know that these exemplary as well as exalted personages "never turned in their toes as Miss Alice Evans was doing," or showed an inclination to stand upon one foot, "as Miss Barabel Grant really seemed to be about to do at this moment."

But now to return to that melodramatic incident of which Barabel was the heroine. It was the hour at which the young ladies prepared their tasks for the next day. They sat on each side of a long narrow table, presided over by Mademoiselle with her embroidery and her watchful eyes. The two new pupils, Barabel and a girl

a year or two her junior, sat next the governess, and at intervals sent quick glances down the table to their new companions. Mademoiselle complained of toothache, and after half an hour's stoical endurance departed suddenly, beseeching the young ladies to be silent, and promising to send Mees Smeeth in one moment. The door was hardly closed behind her when there was a little buzz of voices, and under cover of the chatter the other new-comer ventured to begin a conversation with Barabel. She was a good-humored, friendly little person, and her string of questions was most innocent.

Barabel was Scotch, was she not? She, Evelyn, had been in Scotland once when she was quite a small child. She thought Edinburgh very pretty. But Barabel's home was much farther north?—in the Highlands was it? Evelyn had a brother who had gone there last summer to shoot with a friend. Boronach! What a funny name. How did one pronounce it? Surely it was a very wild place. There were no railways so far north, were there? Evelyn had thought no one lived there all the year round—except the poor people, of course. Did Boronach belong to Barabel's father? "No," said Barabel in her clear voice, and the conversation of the new-comers had become so eager that half the girls at the table seemed to be looking in their direction. "No. I think I had better tell you at once. I think it would save trouble if I told you. I don't belong to you at all. I belong to the poor people you talk about. I think you call them peasants in England. Please don't think I am a lady, for I am not."

Every girl at the table had turned towards Barabel as she spoke, and she saw two long rows of astonished faces gazing at her. They, for their part, saw a pretty girl in a blue frock, whose chestnut curls framed an ex-



pressive, daintily tinted face, and whose eyes met theirs a trifle defiantly. "I thought I had better tell you at once," she went on proudly, her color deepening, "because I had a good deal of trouble about explaining in my last school. I did not want to come here. I came because I had to. I don't mind being friends with you if you don't mind being friends with me, but I shall never belong to you. Whenever I can, I shall go back to my own people, and never have anything to do with gentle-folks any more."

There was a touch of passion in her last words which seemed to be an answer to the eyes that were turned on her; but before any one had sufficiently recovered from surprise to speak, the door opened and the French governess reappeared.

"Silence, mesdemoiselles, and resume your tasks!" she cried, and sat down again at the head of the table. "As I came to ze room of Mees Smeeth," she remarked confidentially, "*voilà!* ze pain gave one leap and it was gone. *Mais demain, hélas!* I must go to ze dentist," and Mademoiselle took up her fancy work with a sigh.

Barabel's little speech had fallen like a bombshell among the select young ladies of Miss Willard's school. Every one longed for the opportunity to discuss it with every one else, and when opportunity came comments were many! What a very odd girl! and what a very odd speech, and what bad taste to talk about her people like that; and if her people were quite poor common people, how did she come to be at Miss Willard's, which was very expensive as well as very select?

"I shall certainly speak to my mamma about it," said one young lady with flaxen hair and wide-open blue eyes. "I know she would not wish me to associate with people of that class."

And as this young lady slept in the

same room as Barabel, our heroine was conscious of some supercilious looks as she went to bed that night; while the little new girl, who had all unconsciously been responsible for the throwing of the bombshell, sat up in bed for quite five minutes staring at Barabel with a perplexed and puzzled look on her round good-humored face.

It was Sally Wynne who threw oil on the troubled waters the very next day. Sweet Sally Wynne, who was Archdeacon Wynne's only daughter,—the great Archdeacon Wynne, that is, who wrote beautiful books and gave wonderful lectures to working men. Sally Wynne, who was almost grown-up, and had begun to do her hair in such a becoming grown-up way; who was gentle and kind, even to little new girls, and yet had such a pretty dignity of her own that no one could help admiring her. It was this sweet Sally who made her opinions known in the school, saying she admired the new girl very much, and thought her very brave and courageous, and hoped there was no one in the school who was so silly and unladylike as to make her feel uncomfortable because of what she had told them.

"And I have asked Miss Willard about her," said Sally, "and Miss Willard says she is going to be a great heiress; and her father lives in America, and she has never had any one to look after her except some plain quiet people, who live in that far-away part of the Scottish Highlands she told us about. And it is because she is so loyal to them and loves them so much that she says she is not a lady, which, of course, any one can see is all nonsense."

And Sally chose Barabel for her companion that afternoon when the school filed out for its daily walk, and talked to her so sweetly that she quite lost her heart to the tall, almost grown-up, young lady; and Sally told her how her

father loved the Scottish Highlands, and had often been there when he was younger, and how he said that, however poor the people might be who lived there, they had the prettiest manners, and were all true ladies and gentlemen, and Barabel must never say they were not.

"And you know," said kind Sally, speaking from her own gentle heart, "I don't really think people mind very much whether one's relations are rich or poor, or high or low; only one doesn't talk very much about them, whoever they are—though, of course," she added in haste, "I think it was quite brave of you to say what you did last night."

All the same, Barabel returned from the walk just a little ashamed of the outburst, and thinking the world of her school-fellows a much kinder, nicer world than she had ever thought it before.

And Sally Wynne's opinion of Barabel made a considerable impression on the rest of Miss Willard's young ladies, and perhaps the information she had gleaned from Miss Willard herself made quite as great an impression, for an heiress—even if her father is quite a plain man in America, and she lives in a romantic manner with humble foster-parents in an obscure country place—is a very different person from a common little girl who is not an heiress at all; and even the young lady with flaxen hair and wide-open blue eyes was capable of seeing a certain distinction.

When Sally told the story to her father he laughed very heartily, and was quite taken with the picture she drew of the brave Highland lass, with her deep blushes and bewitching curls, sitting at the end of the long table and, with shining defiant eyes, throwing down the gauntlet to the whole of Miss Willard's young ladies.

"A thing I should not like to do myself," said the Archdeacon comically.

"And if you ask the little Radical to spend Christmas with us, and she will be friends with me, I am quite sure I shall enjoy being friends with her."

## XII.

### COLIN AND BARABEL.

Whatever were Angus Bard's mysterious plans for his daughter Barabel, it is most certain that they did not include Colin Stewart, the son of the man he hated so bitterly; and if he could have seen how the intimacy of these young persons grew with their years, he would have been alarmed as well as angry. William and Eppie were no guardians for a possible heiress, and the girl herself was so determined not to grow proud or distant to her old school-fellow that she treated him with more kindness than she might otherwise have done. The more she felt herself growing out of her old childish ways and thoughts, the more she tried to ignore the change in herself, and the more desperately she clung to them. When she was eighteen she twisted as many of her curls as proved amenable to discipline into a crown on the top of her head and took to long skirts; and that summer when she returned to Boronach, filled with regrets because she had still another year to spend at Miss Willard's, Colin Stewart was smitten with a sort of awe at the first sight of her. She was no longer a child or a mere lassie, but something he found no words to explain to himself. He felt rough and awkward in her presence, and, strange to say, could find nothing to say to her, and yet he could not keep out of her company when it was possible for him to be in it. Dr. Bowden saw nothing of him, for now a finer musician piped and the boy followed. He haunted William's house every evening, and sat so silent in it that Eppie was quite concerned for him. Although he was now twenty, he

looked younger than Barabel, and the good woman could not realize that either the one or the other was anything more than a child.

"I wonder what has come over Colin?" she said to the girl one evening. "He is like one bewitched, so quiet he is, and last year he was never done laughing and speaking, and, indeed, I was delighted to listen to him."

"I think he is tired of Boronach," said Barabel gravely. "He would give a great deal to be away from it ever since Mr. Corbett spoke to him two years ago, and now he has this legacy."

"Well," said Eppie concernedly, "I think no one has any idea of the life he has with that old woman. The Lord will reward him for his patience. She is so queer that some days she will hardly let him out of her sight, and other days she has not a good word for him; and I got it out of the boy that when she likes she can do a great deal in the house, but that at other times she will sit by the fire and not put a peat on it, and Colin must do everything himself."

"Poor Colin!" said Barabel compassionately.

"Yes," said kind Eppie, "my heart is grieved for him at times, thinking of Mr. Corbett and what he used to say about him; and yet what can be done? It is all for some good, and, as William says, he will be set free when the Lord's time comes, and that is the best time of all."

Barabel knitted her brows. "But, Eppie," she objected, "what if the grandmother lives for ten years—she might do that—and Colin would be too old for college and too settled in Boronach to be anything of the kind Mr. Corbett meant?"

Eppie turned her bannock deftly on the girdle. "The Lord has more kinds of colleges than the one," she said seriously. "It will be all for the best. And William says, too, that he has the

strong belief that Mr. Corbett was right, and that Colin will be a namely man, though it may not be in the way the schoolmaster meant. William has as much love for that boy as though he were his own."

Barabel sat thinking. "Surely he will get a chance," she said restlessly—"surely."

"Barabel! Barabel!" said Eppie reprovingly, "you have a worldly mind, my lamb. Look at Mr. Alexander, his grandfather. Was he not a great gentleman, and had he not all Boronach for himself? And who would envy him, seeing the great ill that he did with it? It is strange to think Colin is that man's grandson; and yet the old people used to say that his own father, the General, was a fine good gentleman, and had an authority that was very different from Allan's. There was no law and no policeman in the country-side in these days, and they say there was no need. A word from the General was enough. Well, well! the fear of the Lord is the best thing, but the fear of man is very good at times for all that."

With this reflection Eppie stooped over the girdle again, and as she did so the subject of their conversation bent his head to enter the low doorway of the house, and, smiling to Barabel, came along the tiny passage to the inner door, which also stood open.

"Colin!" said Barabel mischievously, "Eppie says you have grown so quiet she never hears your voice."

The boy colored deeply. "Do you like me to talk?" he said in a low voice.

"Please yourself," returned the girl, laughing, "and Eppie. It was not I who spoke of it."

"I should like to please you," said the boy, still addressing her, for Eppie was a little deaf and was not heeding.

"Well," said Barabel, laughing, "talk. Sit down there on the settle and begin. Eppie, Colin has things to say to us now, if you will come and listen"; and

the girl looked so bewitching, and the boy so bewitched, that if Angus Bard could have seen them he would have come home by the next ship with words on his lips and anger in his heart that would surely have made things very different all at once.

One fine Sabbath evening before Barabel returned to London she and Colin came home from church together. They had been listening to a fine discourse from Mr. Rory upon Israel in the wilderness,—a subject of which that great preacher never wearied, and, truth to tell, seldom allowed his hearers to weary either. The church was two miles out of Boronach, in the opposite direction from Carndhu, and although the young people left it in the company of a goodly congregation, by the time they had traversed the two miles and passed through the village they found themselves solitary pedestrians on a strip of shore that stretched between the clustering brown dwellings and William's little house. The Carran and Achbrea people were all on ahead, the Boronach people already indoors, and they stood still on the middle of Iamar—as the strip of bare shore was called—and looked out to sea. In winter it was a bleak wild place, but now it was peaceful enough: the tide came lapping almost to their feet, and the two long headlands on either side stretched out to the Atlantic, like great arms sheltering the little village from its storms. The sun had gone down behind the small islands on the horizon, and a mysterious, opalescent, almost unearthly light brooded over them and over the merging of sea and sky, so that the water beyond the headlands seemed nearer and more distinct than the dull shadowy bay close at hand. Barabel stood looking out. Colin had been telling her of Mr. Corbett's legacy, and presently her thought went back to it, and she laughed a little.

"How strange the world is!" said she. "Here you are, Colin, and you would give the world to be out of Boronach; and here am I, and since I left it I have never stopped wishing to be back to it."

Colin glanced at her, a slim, dainty figure, with her long skirts, and her curls twisted up under a broad-brimmed hat.

"Perhaps," he said, "I'll want to come back too some day."

"I don't know," said the girl; "you are not going to a boarding-school, which makes a difference."

"You liked it, did you not?"

"Yes, I liked it in a way." She spoke doubtfully. "Have you ever read 'Gulliver's Travels,' Colin?"

The boy assented. He had borrowed the book from Dr. Bowden.

"One of the girls at school had a picture of Gulliver," she went on. "And one of the pictures was Gulliver lying on the ground tied down with hundreds of little strings, and a whole army of Lilliputians waiting to shoot tiny arrows at him if he moved. That was like me. I used to feel as if I was being tied with hundreds of strings to things I didn't want, and did not want to want, and if I moved a finger there were Mademoiselle and Fräulein and all the others shooting needles at me, till I used to want to get right up with one big pull and see what would happen, and whether all the needles at once would really kill me."

She laughed, speaking in jest that was half hot earnest, and Colin laughed in sympathy, his heart thrilled with a strange joy in standing there listening to her.

"In another year," he said, "you will be free of it, and you can live here always if you like."

"Yes," said the girl, looking out again.

"That is what you want, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said again, and was silent a little. "Oh! I think I am half a dozen people instead of one," she burst out then, in a kind of impatience. "One of me would like to live for ever in little quiet Boronach with my own people, and another of me should have lived hundreds of years ago, and gone free round the world with a horse and a sword. What a life, Colin!" she cried, her eyes sparkling. "Think of it! To go riding through great forests and be afraid of nothing—not even of your enemies; and sleep at night on green moss with the stars looking down on you, and be up and away in the first of the morning, and go on, on, on—not knowing where—riding and looking till you found the—the Sangreal perhaps."

She laughed at her own vehemence.

"Would you go by yourself?" asked the lad shyly, his face alight.

"Yes!" she cried; "yes—that is, part of it. And what things to speak of on the Sabbath night!" she added with contrition. "What would Mr. Rory say? And I must just do with old wild Boronach, though there are no adventurers in it, except,"—she glanced at the boy, smiling a little ruefully,— "except Israel in the wilderness, Colin."

Something in the tone made him look at her sharply, and he had a sudden sense of the incongruity there was between this girl and the life in the little brown houses behind them. It was a thing that from her bringing up had been bound to come, and she had seen it long ago, and had resented it and struggled against it, and now here it was striking jealously on the boy's heart.

"Barabel," he said quickly, "do you think you can be content here now?—always, I mean."

The girl flashed a look at him. "Of course I can," she said hotly,— "of course I can"; and as he was silent, feeling he had angered her, "Oh, it was

cruel," she said under her breath—"it was cruel."

"What?" he asked clumsily.

"To send me away," she made answer passionately, and he saw her eyes swim in tears. She turned abruptly and began walking homeward; and Colin followed, bewildered by the changes in her, for before he could be sure of the tears, she was laughing over the idea of Colin going to London, and was sketching his future for him in her own way.

"You will go," she said,— "you will go some day and be a great man, as Mr. Corbett used to tell us, and we will look in the papers, and when we see any great revolution beginning we'll say, 'Well, well, there's Colin Stewart getting into action at last.'"

Colin could not but laugh, and though she spoke of things that were impossible, his laugh was pure happiness.

"It will be at last indeed," he said gaily. "For here I am twenty years old and I have never seen as much as a railway train; and if I go, Barabel, though I hate the very sight of Boronach, I will come back."

"Why?" said she.

"To see my friends."

"Who are your friends?"

The tone took him aback. "There is Dr. Bowden," he said.

Barabel seemed ill-pleased with the answer. "I wonder you call that man your friend!" she exclaimed. "I have often wondered that you would take to do with him, and I think you might do better."

Colin was surprised, and hurt at the heat she showed. "I have great reason to be grateful to him," he said warmly. "There is great kindness and goodness in him, though he has the one fault; and I think you would do better to pray God for him, Barabel, than to scorn him."

"He is your friend," said she, coldly; "I have nothing to do with him."



"He is my friend," cried the boy, "and I will not give him up for any one—no, not even for you."

The girl's ill-humor vanished as unaccountably as it had appeared. "Good-night, Colin," said she, smiling upon him at William's door. "You will be like me. You will like the people in the world very well, but for Boronach and the old people and the old friends, ah! you will have another name altogether."

She smiled again and left him, not asking him to enter the house, for in Boronach it is not the custom to go into a neighbor's house on the Sabbath.

Colin went home to Carndhu with his head in the clouds—right up among the stars, in fact, if the metaphor will be permitted. Another name! He had it already, and it was for Barabel alone. He saw to the cow, and gave the grandmother her supper, and listened to her peevish weak complainings about the length of his absence, and talked to her with the patience of a woman; and at last, when she had got to bed and he heard her heavy breathing grow regular, he opened the door and went out again. It was late by that time, and the moon was shining, and the loch was as bright and as clear as polished silver, and the fir wood right to the summit of the hill was white. Colin took the other side of the loch and went up among the hills, his dog running ahead. There was a rough sheep-track there, that led on for miles, and he followed it heedlessly, one thought thrilling him, and that thought Barabel. For weeks he had been worshipping her with the blind devotion of a boy's first love, but now in a blaze of light he realized how it was, and he laughed aloud for sheer joy. He kept looking at the image he had of her in his mind, and that changed as she did, so that he saw her in a hundred ways, but chiefly as she was when she looked and spoke

and smiled at parting with him that evening. The wonder of the thing held him. Did she also love him? That seemed impossible; and yet it was surely more impossible that she should not, seeing the way that he loved her. He called out her name that he might hear it, for the place was far from houses and the hour late; and when he called, it came back to him in echoes from the rocks between which he was. He laughed aloud again. How good God was to make such joy!

The lad had lived a solitary life. In his childhood he had been a kind of outcast among the Boronach children, and now that he was older he was still an alien,—being his father's son,—and had little converse with any save William and Eppie and Dr. Bowden. He had his own thoughts of everything. When he was younger he had fought in brave childish fashion against the grim spectres of superstition that would have him believe himself under a special curse because of the things his father and Mr. Alexander had done. Something cool and sane in his mind had refused to give in altogether to such an idea: he had set himself to find a way out from the dominion of the powers of darkness, and he had found, as he thought, a steep road by which to climb up to the light of God. As he had grown older and wiser he had learned to smile at many of his childish thoughts, but he had found himself among dread mysteries still. His world was the world of Mr. Rory and Boronach,—a world of great depths and heights, of clouds and darkness and bright radiances, through which God Himself led people as He led the Israelites of old.

In the ancient myths of Boronach there was a tale called the "*Tale of the Nighean Mhor*."<sup>1</sup> Mr. Rory made it the preface to one of his discourses, and it was one of the many parables of his

<sup>1</sup> Great Malden.



creed. It told how Eachan of ancient times was forced to set out upon a journey beyond the power of mortal man to accomplish, and how in the hour of his despair he was befriended by the *Nighean Mhor*, a daughter of the Immortals. She took his hand, and lo! they stepped at once from mountain-top to mountain-top, crossing great glens and mighty rivers, while the mists wreathed about them, and every step was among clouds. And ever and anon, as the steps of the mortal flagged and his spirit failed, the *Nighean Mhor* cried to him words of encouragement, "A step ahead, Eachan—a step ahead." And so they went till the darkness was past, and morning found them at the journey's end. "And now," Mr. Rory would say, "let us leave Eachan and the *Nighean Mhor* and turn to something better. 'Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness leaning on the arm of her beloved?'" And there was the parable. The church in the world, the faltering steps of man, the immortal strength of God, the everlasting arm of Divine love that knew no failing till the day broke and the shadows fled away. Mr. Rory held a great creed in a great way, and in some measure that creed was Colin's. There was no chance in it, no accident. All good gifts came straight from God; all evil was the whisper of the Evil One, to whom fallen man was too prone to lend an ear.

Young in experience of life, the boy was in some ways mature in thought; and now when love came to him, it came loftily, with something exalted in the very boyish folly of it. Wandering in the hills above Carndhu loch, the bright moonlight shining down upon him, he looked back on Mr. Corbett's offer of two years ago and thought it a clear providence that he had not been able to accept it, for if he had done so and gone away, then this that had come to him might never

have come. God was good, and everything was always for the best. He felt sure that everything would go well now. Freedom would come to him in good time, and success, and some day he and Barabel would see the world together more joyously than kings and queens. To think there was such happiness—to think of it!

In his careless walk Colin came at last to the mansion-house of Boronach. It stood high above the village, among some trees on the slope of a hill, and its windows looked out to the sea, where to-night the little black islands lay in a sheet of silver. It lay empty, for Sir David never came to it, being almost always abroad, and this summer it had not secured its usual summer tenant. Colin went in among the trees, and sitting on an old stone seat looked up out of his dreams at the house in which his grandfather was born. As he looked, his imagination conjured up the old inhabitants of the house,—the General and his lady, that stately gentlewoman with the powdered hair whose portrait hung still in the hall, where he had once stepped in to see it; Major Donald and Mr. Alexander playing as boys among the trees, and about this very stone seat on which he was. He seemed to see Mr. Alexander, grown older, a dark figure going in and out of the house, smiling and plotting evil; and he turned quickly from the thought of him, preferring to let his fancy dwell on the Major going gallily to the wars with the best of the Boronach men behind him. He began to think that the day might come when he would buy this old house back again. There was no folly in his imagination did not leap to, for with Mr. Corbett's two hundred pounds in the bank, and this new thought of Barabel to spur him on, he thought there was nothing that would baffle him.

He regarded the house with a new-keen interest. It was a fine old build-

ing, high and turreted and ivy-covered, and the small numerous windows shone in it like stars. The lad got up and walked all round it, seeing it somewhat decayed here and there, and slates lying on the ground that should have been seen to. Then he came back and sat again on the seat, marvelling to think of the extraordinary circumstances that made him so near to this old house and yet a stranger to it,—only the third generation from the proprietor of it, and yet no more than a poor crofter's lad who had never been out of Boronach. The thing looked, indeed, so like a judgment for what had been done that he was staggered to think of it, till he considered that he might win it back cleanly, and God be with him. His mind went back to the light and sweetness of his new joy, and he remembered again that it was the Sabbath, or but a few hours past it, and bending his head he said a faltering prayer for Barabel.

Strange as it may appear, Colin Stewart, in all his thoughts and dreams in the garden of the old house that night, never considered the difference that Barabel's bringing up in a London school had made between them. The girl herself had allowed him to feel it but little; and as for her being an heiress, that idea had indeed been talked about in Boronach for a while, but it had fallen out of favor as the years went past and Angus Bard did not come home. No one had any idea of the sum spent on Barabel's education, and it was now generally believed that Angus, who had always had "strange notions," had merely taken some fad about "making a lady" of Barabel,—a fad which did not imply any great wealth, though it certainly

proved he was doing well in Canada, and might be expected to turn up some day and build a nice slated house in Boronach if Mr. Campbell should consent to give him a site. So Colin's fine dreams were not dashed by the consideration of any unpleasing realities; there was a glamor about them that defied anything of the kind.

The birds had begun to twitter in the old garden, and the red dawn to glow on the eastern windows of the ancient house, and the patient collie had long been fast asleep under the stone seat, before Colin shook himself free from his dreams and went home across the hills singing. The loch beneath him was a maze of white and blue and rose; the great bens stood loftily against a wonderful yellow sky, their crests rosy, their hollows cool and lonely; little gold tarns sparkled in cups scooped out among the high ground. Away to sea the islands were clear, and from that air a cool breeze blew softly. He went gaily down the sheep-track, and Dr. Bowden might have played the *joie de vivre* to his mood. Yet hardly that either, it was too heedless for him: the improvisatore would doubtless have flung the taunt that one of Mr. Rory's psalms would have suited it better. Be that as it may, he came to the house at last, and went in softly; and the grandmother still sleeping, he found some breakfast for himself, for having taken little supper the night before, he was hugely hungry. On the top of this, not knowing much of hygiene, he went for a swim in the loch, and being none the worse, set to work blithely in the barn.

Next day Barabel went back to London.

*Lydia Miller Mackay.*

(To be continued.)

## MR. GLADSTONE'S PLACE IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

"With a steadfast tread he marched along the High Anglican road to the summit of that liberalism which it was the original object of the new Anglicans to resist and overthrow"; so Mr. Morley<sup>1</sup> aptly describes the seeming paradox of Mr. Gladstone's career. And this sort of contrast remained a constant puzzle to superficial observers at every turn of his public action. They saw a strict High Churchman leading a party (as they thought) to attack the Church—the best known lay "Puseyite" the most unsparing in his exposure of Vaticanism—the author of a book in defence of Establishment himself a disestablisher—the creator of Board schools calling State undenominationalism a "moral monster"—and the defender of the rights of Bradlaugh dealing out the hardest controversial measure to Huxley. Various methods were adopted to discount the seeming inconsistency: Churchmen thought of him as a great Christian accidentally led astray by love of applause, and such consoled themselves with the belief that the conservatism and Churchmanship were the larger element in his composition and would serve as a useful drag on the headlong forces which had somehow whirled him into their company. The more shallow of his progressive allies, on the other hand, minimized as best they could the staunchness to the past which they could not explain, treating it as a private whim which had to be respected in return for his great services, but which was not to count with them for much more than a hobby.

In reality any serious study of Mr. Gladstone's life and writings reveals the fact that his career was much

more of one piece than was supposed. The same conscience which made him a devout and loyal Churchman made him the inspired and unflinching champion of liberty. And a glance at the tendencies of thought in that particular era will further show that there was no peculiar inconsistency or even contrast in the matter. Indeed, in the apparent paradox of his position he was essentially the man of his time. We shall see, I think, that in the given situation he was but one of many who chose the nobler of two alternatives: only his super-eminent character and practical ability gave him a representative importance, so that we see rather the striking and unexpected course of one man than the interflowing streams of thought, or, better, the varying visions of truth, which account for him.

Let us remind ourselves, then, of some of the conditions of European thought into which Gladstone was born. His earliest years come within the great period of Conservative reaction (which in some respects may be called an awakening) following on the excesses of the French Revolution. After the blind revolt against all that had represented God to men's minds in the past, at a point when human reason had made a desert of the spiritual consciousness and called it freedom, the better spirits were harking back to the principle of obedience. The reign of rationalism and common sense had seemed to find its logical conclusion in anarchism and blood; no wonder then that there was a strong reaction in favor of the old faiths and symbols, and men began to ask whether there was not some value still to be found in the standards of the despised past. This was the hour of idealism in phi-

<sup>1</sup> *Life of W. E. Gladstone*, vol. i. p. 153.

losophy, of romanticism in literature, of evangelicalism and ultramontaniam alike in religion—the age of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Wilberforce, and de Maistre. Gladstone's youth was wholly tuned to this spirit: the meaning of his earlier evangelicalism, as of the later High Churchmanship to which he passed without break or effort, was the resolve to be faithful to God's revelation as against the sinful arrogance of human reason. And he shared also to the full the change that came over men's minds as to the value of the past. Scott and the study of the beloved Dante opened to him, as to his friend Döllinger, the treasure-house of mediæval history and thought, putting the permanent value of Church authority to the human spirit in the clearest light. What had been good in the past might be the very thing needed in the present, and he and those of kindred spirit would fear to surrender one tithe of the great heritage of the past without the clearest necessity. "My meaning," he writes in justification of his famous "caveat" to disestablishers, "was to describe only cases in which there might be a deliberate renunciation of such duties as there was the power (in the State) to fulfil."<sup>2</sup>

Thus far the elements common to all conservatism found a natural home in Mr. Gladstone's constitution. But conservatism is of two kinds. When in the growth of humanity old rules and symbols are too roughly cast aside, all who care for the thing symbolized are alarmed and strive to restore a spirit of reverence; but there is a difference in the motive and method with which this homage to the past is paid. Some will say without reservation, "your revolt was bad, absolute submission and return to the old obedience is the only and the last word in our remedy." But another sort will say, "There was much that was inevitable, much even that

was good behind your revolt, though it lost sight of half the truth. Loyalty to truth bids us restrain your hand uplifted to destroy because you are going against an element in your own happiness. For we recognize to the full the legitimacy of the expansive movement—it is an aspiration after reality, as our fears are an appreciation of reality. Let us then recognize our different enthusiasms as having the same end; they must not clash; we on our part will do our utmost to save what is true in the old; but only because it is true, not because it is old; and we shall be careful not to retain the old at the expense of the truth which inspires the desire for innovation. Freedom and the right of criticism must not be impaired, for they are the complement of obedience and give it its true value—the highest service implies perfect freedom." This is of course the only principle that gives hope of settling the rival claims of revolution and reverence, and it is a principle stated in the clearest terms in 1838 by him whom Macaulay called "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories":

There is a radical incompatibility [writes Gladstone]<sup>3</sup> in the nature of things which ought to exempt the domain of religion from the intrusion of force. The service which God requires is the service of the will. The conversion of the will to God is the fundamental change which Christianity aims at producing. The will by its very essence, by its very definition, cannot be coerced for, if rendered subject to the action of force, the human being no longer has a will.

So Gladstone ranged himself almost from the first with the optimists rather than with the pessimists of the conservative reaction. The sense of the value of freedom grew, he admitted, as

<sup>2</sup> Gladstone, "Gleanings," vol. II. p. 110.

<sup>3</sup> Gladstone, "The State in its Relations with the Church," p. 76.

the years passed over him; and some of the fervid hopes of youth as to the power of old symbols died away as he came more into contact with the realities of the modern spirit. But the combination of the two ideals was, we may say, with him from the first and is the adequate explanation of most of his political and theological career. It is also what made him representative of the most hopeful thought of that generation. Other men worked out the optimistic synthesis in their various departments with more special knowledge than he could give; but Gladstone stood alone in England, perhaps in a wider area also, as the protagonist of this phase of thought over all the field, the *praesidium et dulce decus* of the less conspicuous men that were working out the solution. It is the modest purpose of this article to illustrate what I believe to be the central motive of his life from the part that he played with reference to various problems, especially in the religious sphere. These problems are still with us, and we may reap practical guidance and encouragement from the study, as well as the privilege of a brief intercourse with one of the loftiest minds that our country has known.

And first a word as regards the nature of his contributions to theological and religious studies. It is sometimes represented that Gladstone was only an amateur in the world of learning and need not be taken too seriously. It may be admitted that in some departments (natural science, *e.g.*, or Biblical criticism) he did not keep abreast of the latest developments. This is not a very great admission to make in the case of a man who was so often at the helm of the State and immersed in public affairs. But neither in motive nor over a wide area of detail could he be rightly called an amateur theologian. Everybody knows that it was his own wish in youth to take Holy Or-

ders—but after he was launched (almost against his will) into the world of affairs, theology in the widest sense was still the dominant interest of his life. In 1840 he writes: "The pole-star is clear. Reflection shows me that a political position is mainly valuable as instrumental for the good of the Church, and under this rule every question becomes one of detail only"; and two years later:

My life has two prospective objects for which I hope the performance of my present public duties may, if not qualify, yet extrinsically enable me. One, the adjustment of certain relations of the Church to the State. . . . It would be much if the State would honestly aim at enabling the Church to develop her own intrinsic means. To this I look. The second is, unfolding the Catholic system within her in some establishment or machinery looking both towards the higher life and towards the external warfare against ignorance and depravity.\*

As regards the fulfilment of the latter object, we at St. Denio's Library may well feel a sacred obligation laid upon us by the words. The statement of the other purpose is a final answer to those who would say that the problems of religion were only a secondary interest with him. Indeed, the object so expressed may fairly constitute Mr. Gladstone a specialist in one department at least of theology—the development of religion in the political state.

But, leaving purposes aside, look at his actual familiarity with and contributions to the subject. At the age of twenty, while still at Oxford, he wrote an essay on "Meditation" which was afterwards incorporated in his studies on Butler. His book on *The State in its Relations with the Church* won the admiration though not the agreement of so incisive a critic as Macaulay. Canon MacColl's remarks

\* "Life," vol. i. pp. 182, 183.

† "Mr. Gladstone as a Theologian," in Wemyss Reid's "Life of Gladstone," p. 256.



of the *Church Principles* (1840), that it displays "a rare grasp of the philosophy of Christianity in its principles and their practical results, and a knowledge of theology which would have qualified him for a University Chair in that science"; and the same writer quotes the sanction of a theological professor for his own judgment that that treatise was the ablest exposition he had ever read of the philosophy of the sacramental system. And there is plenty of evidence of the thoroughness of Mr. Gladstone's learning. Surely it was a remarkable testimony that Newman gave when he wrote, "I am not up in St. Augustine as Mr. Gladstone is"; and one cannot refrain from quoting the opinion of the famous German divine and historian Döllinger, who knew what theological learning meant:

My opinion of Mr. Gladstone is that, taking him all round, you have not a superior theologian in England. You may have some theologians more learned than he in separate departments of theology, but I doubt whether you have one who combines so many of the attributes of a sound theologian: wide and accurate knowledge of dogmatic theology, ecclesiastical history, canon law, philosophy, and, super-added to all, an unusual range of general knowledge which enables him to illustrate whatever theme he is discussing.\*

If ocular demonstration be required, one has only to visit Hawarden and see how his books, which he generously bequeathed for the use of all who are interested in his favorite study, are marked and analyzed and queried—to be sure that his convictions were based on the most thorough knowledge. Even where his sympathies did not follow, he studied before he condemned. There lies before me, as I write, his copy of Wellhausen's *History*

\* Recorded by MacCull in the same book, p. 245.

of *Israel* (1885). The margins abound in neat pencil annotations—marks, queries, "buts," acute objections and references to other books, concluding (after his methodical custom) with an index to the points he wished to remember.

Let us now pass on to illustrate our central thesis from the attitude that this "great Christian statesman," as Lord Salisbury called him, took up towards some of the main problems that vex our age, remembering that it is emphatically a transitional period with which we are dealing, a period in which some accommodation between the old and the new was imperatively called for. His first excursion into theoretical writing was, as is well known, the book on the *The State in its Relations with the Church* (1838), which would have been immortalized, even if by nothing else, by the trouncing meted out to it by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh*. At a time when men were awaking by reaction to the impressiveness and reasonableness of authority vested in the Church of the centuries, it was natural for them to ask whether human means might not be employed to save that authority and give it political sanction. What better bulwark could be found against the horrors of Revolution than a firmly established Church? In England there was ready to hand a traditional system by which the State upheld the historical Church of the land. But the system had lost all reality and political conscience; it had been maintained by the Whig domination frankly as a compromise and matter of expediency, to be strained or ignored at any point where it clashed with political exigencies. Just then the course of events was pointing to the likelihood of a speedy surrender of the unloved and lifeless framework. We know how this imminent fear brought the Oxford Movement to birth, rousing the true sons of the Church to show that

there was something in her worth protecting that was not dreamt of in your Whigism.

And the young Gladstone was moved to put on paper the results of his own earnest inquiries into a political question where so much that he held dear seemed to be at stake. He wished "to *inquire* (note the word) and determine whether the existing state of things was worth preserving."<sup>7</sup> Could not the State, with revived conscientiousness, support as of old the authority of the Church because it holds the truth which the Church teaches? In other words, is not this shell of the Establishment (which you are like to destroy) the symbol of a truth which should be once more believed? That would be a justification, though the only one, for retaining the symbol. We have seen already that what he feared was the light-hearted surrender of duties which the State could still well fulfil, and the exercise of which would be to the highest interest of the nation. And therefore he was disposed at the time to pin his hopes (erroneously, as he afterwards confessed) on the Conservative party of the day, who he thought would care to save and build up the Church of the land to be a centre of revived religion and effectual spiritual unity. The book from one point of view is an appeal to Englishmen to rally round the Establishment.

But there is the other side, too, discernible even in this first Essay. Probably Macaulay was seldom wider of the mark than when he used the often quoted words "the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories" who abhorred their leader's cautious temper and moderate opinions! For Mr. Gladstone diverged widely even at this stage from the pessimistic "unbending" sort of conservatism, and he rightly demurred at the time, in a letter to the

critic,<sup>8</sup> to Macaulay's pillorying of him as a theoretical persecutor, who would like to see Test Acts revived. He did *not* minimize the necessity of liberty in religion, as we have already shown by a quotation from the book. He was fully prepared to yield his ideals to the progress of events and logic of facts, if only he could be sure that these were against him. And if it was clear that they were, where the Establishment could be proved to be more a stronghold of privilege than a conscientious trustee of the truth, he would be the first to sacrifice it in the immediate interests of freedom and truth, rather than keep it as a false compromise. Indeed the purpose of the book, we may even say, was largely destructive—to exhibit the only true pre-supposition on which Establishment could rest, and so, at the cost of overthrow if need be, at least to "cut a way through all this darkness (ignorance about the Church) to a clearer and more solid position."<sup>9</sup> It was at any rate very near being a "feeler" thrown out in despair; for, while actually engaged in it, he informs us that he "told Pusey for himself alone, I thought my own Church and State principles within one stage of being hopeless as regards success in this generation."<sup>10</sup>

We have to bear this in mind when we meet the charge of inconsistency brought against him as to the Irish Church. He was never a defender of Establishment through thick and thin as the vested interest of a section, even if that section were a majority. And when there was a tendency to bolster up the Church in Ireland, not as a living missionary organism, but (to quote Canon MacColl<sup>11</sup>) "as the permanent Church of a privileged minority," he declared himself frankly as a disestablisher. He cared

<sup>7</sup> "Life," vol. 1. p. 180.

<sup>8</sup> Ibid., p. 179.

<sup>11</sup> In the book cited before, p. 253.

<sup>7</sup> "Gleanings," vol. vii. p. 108.

<sup>8</sup> Ibid., p. 108.

nothing, let us repeat, for the conservation of institutions, unless they enshrined a living reality and could be informed by conscience. And that was the very hope which he was almost at once constrained to abandon. "When I bade Establishment live, it was just about to die. It was really a quickened, not a deadened conscience, in the country, that insisted on enlarging the circle of State support."<sup>12</sup>

Another religious problem which is a difficulty for us all in this age, and on which Mr. Gladstone's position has seemed to some hard to be understood, is the exact validity and necessity of the ecclesiastical system which has been handed down to us from the earliest ages of the Church. The "Révell" generally, and especially our own Catholic Revival, have taught us to appreciate the reasonableness and rightness of an historic external continuity with the Church of the Ages. Those of us who are Churchmen are thankful that, as far as human will and powers go, we have held fast that continuity. But there are other Christians who, strictly speaking, have it not and make light of its value. What, then, are we to say as to the necessity of Apostolic Succession and the like?

Mr. Gladstone, though brought up in the individualism of evangelical teaching, very early came to hold strong views of the divine authority of the Church. This position he did not ascribe to any direct influence of the Oxford Movement; rather it came by independent study, and intercourse with one intimate friend, Hope-Scott. Whatever the road by which he reached the belief, he held most strongly, even rigidly, to the doctrine of Apostolic Succession. It was to him the only authorized vehicle of Christian truth and grace. It was for that tangible and precious guarantee of usefulness that he deemed the

Church entitled to all possible State support; and it was also for that that he feared for her any State support that was unconscientious or unintelligent or fettering patronage. "The union," he wrote,<sup>13</sup> "is to the Church a matter of secondary importance. Her foundations are on the Holy Hills. Her charter is legibly divine. We know of no effectual preservative principle except religion; nor of any permanent, secure, and authenticated religion but in the Church." But here, again, it is the fact and the inner truth that mattered to him. With him the Church was made for man, not man for the Church. It was because the historical institution enshrined a divine gift to man, and could preserve that gift for future ages, that he loved it so much. And when he saw the fact and the gift palpably existing in apparent dissociation from the guarding framework, he was constrained to recognize it and admit its validity. In the *Church Principles* (as early as 1840), he quotes with approval Archbishop Laud's remarkable admission that the non-episcopal communities "retained an internal communion with the whole visible Church of Christ in the fundamental points of faith and the performance of acts of charity. . . . These, however misled, are neither heretics nor schismatics in the sight of God, and are therefore in a state of salvation."<sup>14</sup> "Fundamental points of faith"—that is what appealed to Mr. Gladstone's practical conscience and love of truth. And he drew out at length much later, in the essay on "Heresy and Schism,"<sup>15</sup> the qualifications which have to be made, in the interests of truth and charity, to the rigid view of Apostolic Succession. There was the excuse of the darkening of the evidence; it had

<sup>12</sup> "State and Church," p. 4.

<sup>13</sup> See MacColl in the book already quoted, p. 260.

<sup>14</sup> "Nineteenth Century," August 1894; "Later Gleanings," pp. 280 ff.

<sup>15</sup> "Gleanings," vol. vii. p. 115.

often been hard for men to know which was the true Church. There was the remarkable permanence of modern Nonconformity, as compared with the passing character of ancient heresies. And not only its permanence but its living activity claimed his respectful recognition, when in great questions of political right and wrong he seemed to find more willing backing from dissenting religion than from the Church. And, after all, the general agreement of so many Christians on the doctrine of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the work of the Holy Spirit, was a "moral miracle" which it would be wrong to ignore. He would fain establish, he says in another place,<sup>16</sup> on behalf of Nonconformity

that it has to a great extent made good its ground in the world of Christian fact; that it cannot be put out of the way by any expedient or figure of controversy, such as that it is a branch torn from the stem, with a life only derivative and provisional. Open to criticism it is, as may easily be shown; but it is one great factor of the Christian system as it now exists in the world.

So, again, Mr. Gladstone gave its due to the spirit of revolt, even where it clashed with his own dearest convictions. I wish that paper on "Heresy and Schism" were set as a compulsory study for all Church theological colleges, as a schooling in the duty of keeping the eyes open to facts instead of going through the world with fixed theories only. And, lest it should be said that this tolerance of ecclesiastical irregularity was a surrender of conviction to please the strange bed-fellows that political life brought him, let me refer to a passage that he wrote in 1838 while he was still a professed Tory as well as High Churchman. Speaking of the great break-up of Church unity in the six-

teenth century he says that "even in Scotland the reformers then held the doctrine of unity while they surrendered that of perpetual visibility"; and, "generally speaking, it appears sufficiently evident that the first generation of reformers were not voluntary separatists. . . . Far be it from us to sit in judgment on the men who, by the tyranny of Rome, were thrown into circumstances so cruel!"<sup>17</sup>

From the subject of our unhappy religious divisions we pass naturally to possible remedies for them. Christian reunion was a master passion in Mr. Gladstone's religious thought. From the time that he entered St. Peter's at Rome<sup>18</sup> and experienced there his "first conception of unity in the Church" to the end of his long life, he took the keenest interest in any approach to the reunion of divided Christendom. It was because he believed in the uniting power of the Church for English Christianity that he had advocated the principle of Establishment. Reverence for the common Christianity of East and West played a large part in his championship of the suffering victims of Turkish persecution. Perhaps in early days, he thought that Rome might in a modified way fulfil her old vocation as a centre of spiritual unity for the West, hoping she might as a whole display the tolerant and practical temper with which even the ultramontane de Maistre had recognized, *e.g.*, the valuable intermediate position held by the English Church between Protestantism and Catholicism. But the ancient machinery of unity, if it was to come into play again, must have learnt something by experience; it must recognize the sacred rights of freedom if it was to have Mr. Gladstone's adhesion. Hence the blazing forth of wrath against "Vaticanism." The ancient Church, which might have worked for

<sup>17</sup> "State and Church," p. 148.

<sup>18</sup> 31st of March, 1832. See "Life," vol. i. p. 87.

<sup>16</sup> See MacColl, p. 264.

reunion, was now fatuously making union harder by the promulgation of new dogma. The action of Rome effectually dashed whatever hopes in that direction he may have had, and he had learned by the close of his life not to "look for an early restitution of such a Christian unity as that which marked the earlier history of the Church."<sup>10</sup> Mutual recognition, we may say, was at all times the practical limit of his aspiration, rather than organic union under one head.

And it was the same loyalty to freedom and truth—the complement of his reverence for past ideals—that determined his attitude to the working compromises between Church and Dissent that are attempted in England. His Government, as we know, was responsible for the setting up of Board Schools, but undenominational teaching would not have been his choice.<sup>20</sup> He was ready enough, as we have seen, to recognize the essential unities of doctrine in the different denominations, but his longing for reunion would not suffer him to shut his eyes to the danger that premature compromise threatened to the cause of truth and freedom. He could not believe that truth could be reached by the cutting off of all distinctive dogmas. If the free denominational system could not continue he would have preferred that the State should leave the teaching of religion alone; for above all things he abhorred Erastianism, the interference and tyranny of the State in the spiritual sphere. If the essential unity of the Christian denominations was a "moral miracle," a system of undenominational religion framed by or under the authority of the State was a "moral monster." Unity he desired with all the passion of his being, but

never a concession for one inch to the tyranny either of popes or of majorities uncommissioned to deal with spiritual things.

It remains now to deal with Mr. Gladstone's contribution to the main religious question of our day—what he called "the Battle of Belief" against the spiritual unsettlement and scepticism of the age. The battle is still raging; the methods of defence change from generation to generation; and it does not concern us to put forward Mr. Gladstone's apologetics as any final and irrefragable solution of the eternal problem. His greatest contribution to it was not a theoretical, but a practical one—the living before men of a life that drew its inspiration from personal communion with the realities that no science can prove or disprove. It is open to the just persons who need no repentance to say that prayer and communion were but consolatory ornaments for a character that in no sense depended on them. Mr. Gladstone did not think so, and when we read the touching extracts from his private notes given in the biography, such as that he knew himself to be only divided in childhood by a thin plank from all the sins, we, at any rate, and thousands of others, recognize the testimony to divine grace which those who have experienced it can alone give. Who shall gauge the extent of the stimulus and support given to religion generally, and to Church life in particular, in the England of the nineteenth century, by the spectacle of that gigantic intellect and dominant character basing itself so frankly and humbly on the simple ordinances of religion—the frequent Communion, the daily Matins, and the like (not to speak of the more secret disciplines which only those nearest to him knew)? However, that testimony to the faith may be said to have been unconscious and indirect, and hardly to be classed as a direct

<sup>10</sup> Soliloquium, "Later Gleanings," p. 407.

<sup>20</sup> For his position on this question see a letter to Lord Shaftesbury in the "Life of Shaftesbury," vol. iii. p. 267, and Morley, "Life of Gladstone," vol. ii. pp. 298-311.



contribution to religious thought; so we must say a word or two of his intellectual position in these controversies. He did representative service in this sphere as in others as the intermediary between the old and the new. It was well, when it was loudly claimed that the intellect of the nation had given its verdict for unbelief, that the great Liberal leader could be pointed to as still standing in the old paths. He could not be hooted off as a mere ignorant reactionary, and he did much to give the scientists the dose of modesty which it would be generally now admitted that they needed. Was there ever any better hint in that direction, or anything more Johnsonian in its crushing irony than the concluding paragraph of the essay on "Huxley and the Swine Miracle":

Professor Huxley is so well pleased with his own contentions that he thinks the occasion one suitable for pointing out the intellectual superiority to which he has been led by scientific training. I believe that I have overthrown every one of these contentions; but I do not think the achievement such as would warrant my concluding by paying myself a compliment.<sup>21</sup>

Yes, Gladstone helped to remind us that modern science was absurdly exaggerating its range when it claimed to dispose off-hand of the spiritual experience of ages. "As to unbroken sequences in the physical order," he writes to Lord Acton in 1888, "they do not trouble me, because we have to do not with the natural but the moral order, and over this science, or as I call it, natural science, does not wave her sceptre."<sup>22</sup>

But it is important to observe that this championship of the old beliefs had ultimately the same motive, and was exercised in the same spirit, as

the movements of modern inquiry. It was because he loved the truth as well as he loved peace, and humanity as well as the Church, that he ranged himself on the conservative side in the struggle between faith and unbelief. The Incarnation to him was not a dogma for which the greater part of men will be damned for not holding, but "the one central hope of our poor wayward race." Christianity was to be defended in the interest of truth and freedom, and for that only. Hence his readiness to make concessions where the points seemed to be proved—e.g., "One admission has to be made, that death did not come into the world by sin, namely, the sin of Adam, and this sits inconveniently by the declaration of St. Paul."<sup>23</sup>

And hence his intellectual annoyance at Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere*, which represented orthodoxy as resting on emotion only, while all the arguments, though hardly quoted, were assumed to be on the side of unbelief. He pointed out the really ludicrous surrender of the hero of that novel without any attempt to defend his belief on the grounds of reason. And we know how Mr. Gladstone went on in this well-known review,<sup>24</sup> which did much to call attention to the book, to deal seriously on the very grounds of history and reason with the assumptions of those who rejected the miraculous from Christianity. Here is not the place, even if I had the knowledge, to go over these grounds and see whether his arguments hold in every detail. That is not the real point, for the faith cannot depend for verification on one man's reading of the evidence, even when that man happens to be a Gladstone. But it was an important contribution to the thought of the age that he should meet popular attacks by

<sup>21</sup> "Later Gleanings," p. 279.

<sup>22</sup> "Life," vol. III. p. 359.

<sup>23</sup> To Lord Acton, *ibid.*

<sup>24</sup> "Nineteenth Century," May, 1888; "Later Gleanings," pp. 77 ff.

showing that there were arguments on the other side that convinced an intellect like his. We may say also that he stated the chief detailed considerations which still have to be met by and must still give pause to the negations of the modern spirit. It is still good to remind people that unchristian theism, even pantheism, are dogmas as much as Christianity; that if you upset the testimony of the first Christians to Christ's divinity, you cut out the heart even of the ethical teaching; that there

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is a fairly long history behind the orthodox interpretations; and that we cannot in modesty suppose that the tendencies of thought in our own generation necessarily outweigh the experience of all the other centuries.

With that word we will close, for the secret of Mr. Gladstone's whole position was his earnest belief that by guarding that great heritage of experience those modern tendencies would be best guided to a true and victorious issue.

*Stephen Liberty.*

### THE SALVING OF THE "SERENA."

The sea-going tug *Hercules* was steadily making her way through a heavy smother in the direction of the Western Islands. The gale had nearly blown itself out, and Rattray was glad to see, over the horizon, the first glint of light which spoke of settled weather. Ugly and squat the *Hercules* looked, but there were few better sea-boats afloat, and her powerful engines forced her through the water at a pace that many a mail-boat would not have despised.

Rattray turned to the mate, who was beside him on the bridge.

"We can push her along at fourteen knots now, Jack," he said; "and as discipline is not such a necessity on the *Hercules* as on the *Bericick Castle*, if you will come down to my cabin I will explain the meaning of the wire I sent in answer to your note saying that Captain Williams had fired you."

"There is no necessity for an explanation, captain," returned Dalton. "Eight pounds a month on the *Hercules* is better than six on the *Bericick Castle*, and the time will count when I go up for my extra master's ticket. However, I don't mind admitting that I'm a bit curious to know what this trip means."

"Go for'ard and tell the bo's'n to take your turn on the bridge, and then come below."

Dalton found the captain sitting at the table with a big chart of the Atlantic Ocean in front of him.

"Light a pipe and help yourself, and if you dare to interrupt me until I finish my yarn I'll throw the bottle at your head."

"On the 2nd of November 1900," began the skipper, "the Black Star steamship *Serena* ran on an uncharted sandbank off the Bahamas. She was the biggest boat in the cotton-trade between New Orleans and Liverpool; and as on this particular trip she was carrying a full cargo, her total value was not much short of half a million. For two days they tried to get her off without success, and then a heavy gale blew up from the sou'-west. The seas repeatedly broke over the wreck, sweeping away half-a-dozen of the crew, and the remainder were taken off by an American vessel which luckily hove in sight.

"Salvage-tugs were sent out from New York on receipt of the intelligence; but when they arrived at the sandbank no trace of the *Serena* could

be found, and it was supposed that a very high tide or a subterranean eruption—which is a comparatively common occurrence in these latitudes—floated her off. Whatever the explanation may be, that she floated off is a certainty, because on the 6th of January the Royal Mail steamer *Tocantins* sighted her in 22.31 N., 59.45 W. It was heavy weather, and as the *Tocantins* had her contract time to fulfil, the captain did not attempt to get a hawser on board.

"When the news reached Liverpool, the Black Star people, in addition to sending out a tug, offered a reward of forty thousand pounds, to which the underwriters added a further sixty thousand pounds, to any vessel that would bring the *Serena* into port.

"The consequence of the reward was that every sea-going tug on both sides of the Atlantic went after the prize, and within six weeks an American—the *Ulysses S. Grant*—actually picked her up. A week later, however, she broke loose again one dirty night, and has not been reported since. Now, sir, that reward of one hundred thousand pounds is still open, and that reward I mean to have before I am twelve months older."

"But, captain"—began Dalton.

"Be quiet until I have finished. You do not know it; but for the past ten years the scientific study of ocean winds and currents has been my pet hobby; and without being egotistical I may say that at the present time I know more about them than any man afloat.

"The loss of the *Serena* was a source of great interest to me, and from time to time I have amused myself by working out her course. So accurate were my calculations that, chancing to work out her position on the date when she was picked up, I had actually placed her within a few miles of where the *Ulysses S. Grant* found her. The

"picking up," by the way, was a matter more of good luck than judgment, as the majority of the searchers were quartering the ocean two hundred miles to the north."

"But think of the time!"—

"The searchers failed," continued Rattray, unheeding the interruption, "because they did not allow for the effect of the trade-winds on a vessel standing twenty feet out of the water. They thought to find her in the centre of the Gulf Stream, whereas the trades were driving her south in the proportion of one mile to every ten and a third she travelled east. I have pricked out her course on this chart, and you will notice that, instead of being in the middle of the stream when the *Ulysses S. Grant* picked her up, she had drifted nearly two hundred miles to the south-east of where she should have been.

"This southerly drift may appear unimportant; but—and here is the vital point—it was sufficient to force her into the branch of the current which runs to the south-west of the Azores, and she thus avoided the fleet of tugs which were waiting for her in the main stream that runs to the north-east.

"After passing the Western Islands she met the full force of the trades, which gradually edged her out of the current into slack water. Here she was totally under the influence of the winds, and gradually drifted south-west until she came to a standstill here."

Jack Dalton looked at the point indicated. Surprise for a moment held him speechless.

"Why, that is the edge of the Sargasso Sea!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly! That is the spot where the *Serena* is lying."

"But—well—why, captain," he ejaculated, "no one has ever been there!"

"No," replied the skipper calmly; "but we are going. The Sargasso Sea," he continued, "lies roughly between the parallels 22 and 28 N. latitude, and 40

and 90 W. longitude. Being out of the track of both sailing-vessels and steamers, very little is known about it; but the Government surveying-ships have given us a fairly definite idea of its whereabouts.

"However, to continue my tale. Of course you know why I was fired by the Joint Castle Company?" he broke in suddenly.

Dalton nodded.

"Well, I suppose it was cheek on the part of a first officer to fall in love with the managing director's daughter when she was a passenger on his boat," commented the skipper. "Sir Girling Hathaway thought so, anyway. He had me carpeted in his private office, and gave me the alternative of quitting the company or giving up Mabel. I elected to quit, but reminded him that he was only a mate himself fifteen years before. His reply, as he showed me the door, was to the effect that when I had made as good a position as his I might apply for his daughter's hand, but not before.

"After leaving the *Berwick Castle* I realized my little property and went straight to Liverpool, where my friend Henry Thomson is head of the Holdfast Towing Company. From him I hired the *Hercules* for five hundred pounds a month and 5 per cent. of the salvage-money.

"I have made every preparation that I could think of to make this venture a success, Jack. I shipped iron bars for grapnels by the ton, and lime-juice by the hogshead; to guard against malaria from the rotting-weed I ordered respirators by the gross, and even went so far as to have a steel spring six fathoms long spliced in the middle of a hawser to allow for the pitching of the tow.

"'Tis all or nothing this time, Dalton, and I have staked every penny I possess on the venture. If it turns out a success it means a fortune to every

man on board; if it doesn't—well, it won't be my fault."

When the *Hercules* left St. Michael's she looked like a floating coal-wharf. Not alone were her capacious bunkers filled to overflowing, but every part of the deck where there was an inch to spare carried its cargo. To economize as much as possible, she was leisurely taken along at nine knots, and it was not until ten days later that, by steady steaming, they approached the point where Rattray calculated to strike the drift.

The crew during this time had not been idle. Under the skipper's superintendence, the carpenter constructed a huge iron cage to fix over the screw when they got amongst the weeds, and the men were busy splicing lengths of rope and preparing grapnels for use. A crow's nest was fixed at the top of the stumpy mast; and the reward of ten pounds offered for the first sight of the derelict created a keen competition for the post of "lookout."

On the eleventh day they passed through the first loose patches of drift which, like a spider's web, surrounds that immense bank of weed known as the Sargasso Sea. The cage was slung over the stern and fixed rigidly in its place by an ingenious arrangement of hawsers; and Rattray himself at the wheel steered the tug through the clear lanes of water.

"I have purposely struck the weed at this point, Jack," he said; "and, if my theory be correct, as we travel east the loose weed will gradually disappear until we can get close up to the bank; but I do not look for the *Serenia* until we arrive at the southern edge."

His predictions were verified. The encircling patches of detached drift became fewer and fewer, and on the afternoon of the fourteenth day they ran close up to the dense brown mass which, like a floating field, stretched

away to the south beyond the range of vision.

The bank consisted principally of gulf-weed, interspersed here and there with huge trees inextricably matted together. The surface was, as a rule, about four feet out of the water, but huge hummocks, caused by the drift being piled upon itself by hurricanes, rose like miniature hills above the main body. Occasionally they passed small forests, where the trees stood upright as if growing in the water; and more than once great beams and timbers showed the end of ships which no doubt had been posted as missing many years before.

The heat as they steamed close to the edge of the bank was terrific, and a horrible stench of rotting vegetation arose from the floating mass; but, thanks to the respirators that the skipper had provided, every man on board escaped scatheless.

Day after day they steamed slowly east, keeping close to the bank during daylight, but drawing off at night and bringing the tug to by means of a couple of sea-anchors, and it was not until the seventeenth day that the cry of "Clear water to the southward!" from aloft announced the approach of the eastern end. The crew gave a sympathetic cheer as the course of the *Hercules* was altered. They all knew the object of the search, and not a man but confidently looked forward to a good time on shore with plenty of prize-money in his pocket.

On the second day after rounding the bank the shout, "*Serena* ahoy!" brought Rattray on deck with a run. In a moment he was in the crow's nest, where, with a heart beating painfully with excitement, he made out an indistinct shape looming away in front over the weed. Even through the glasses it was some time before he could convince himself that it was not one of the piled-up heaps of weeds which they

had been passing lately in great numbers.

"Ring full steam ahead, Jack," he shouted to the mate, who was excitedly watching him from the bridge.

The *Hercules* bounded forward, and in an hour there was no longer room for doubt. A steamer—a large cargo steamer—was fast in the weeds; and although the distance was too great to make out her name, by the black star indistinctly seen on the funnel Rattray was certain that she was the *Serena*.

He returned on deck with a face in which triumph and vexation struggled for mastery. The troubled glance he gave the mate was returned by a look equally troubled.

"Well, captain, you've found her; but how the deuce are you going to get her out?"

It was true. He had found the *Serena*; but between the *Serena* and the *Hercules* stretched a mile of dense, impenetrable driftweed.

Rattray moodily bit his lips.

"I was right in my calculations, Jack," he said, "but quite forgot the distance a twelve thousand ton steamer, with perhaps a gale of wind astern, would force herself into the bank. I expected to find her near the edge."

He went below, but returned in a few minutes with a smile on his face.

"I am an ass, Jack. When the *Serena* hit the weed, of course she forced a passage through, and this passage must still be comparatively clear. We will search until we find it."

They ran along the edge of the mass for three or four miles, and then turned back. Every eye on board was eagerly looking for the tiniest break which would show where the *Serena* had hit the weed, but without success. The bank presented an unbroken outline, and to all appearances had never been disturbed since the day it was formed.



Soon after starting the search they had passed an immense mass of trees matted together with gulf-weed and lianas, and as they returned it occurred to Rattray that this might have floated into the opening she had made. The *Hercules* was brought close in, and he went off in the dingy to explore the miniature forest. The branches stood high out of the water, and it was only by clambering over them that he succeeded in obtaining an uninterrupted view of the *Serena*. There was not the clear lane of water he had looked for; but two well-defined banks running from where he stood right up to the derelict showed that he had found the object of his search.

"We have a big job in front of us, Jack," he observed when he returned on board. "The *Serena* went through there right enough; but the weed followed her in, and we will have to clear every bit of it out before we can get our hawsers aboard."

With the first glimpse of light on the following morning they were busy. The tug stood in for the trees, and Rattray himself hitched the hawsers to two of the largest trunks. Slowly the cables tightened as the *Hercules* forged ahead, and, with a terrific tearing and rending a huge fragment of the drift was torn out and towed slowly away; the hawsers were cut as close to the tow as possible, and time after time the tug backed into the trees, where the operation was repeated and great fragments torn out of the bank.

The sun beat mercilessly on the toiling men. Not a breath of air was moving to temper the scorching heat, and poisonous exhalations hung round them in a mist; but, rendered immune by the respirators, and stimulated by the example of the officers and the great prize that lay before them, the crew worked like Trojans; and when the *Hercules* was drawn out for the night

nearly half the trees had been cleared away.

It was well into the afternoon of the third day when the first great barrier which lay between them and the *Serena* was removed; and as the captain and mate were discussing the problem of dealing with the weed the engineer came on to the bridge.

"How long d'ye reckon it will take to reach her, cap'n?" he queried.

"With luck, Mac," replied Rattray, "I hope to have the *Serena* in tow in the inside of a month."

"Hoots, mon!" returned Mackenzie excitedly, "if ye will have a look at the bunkers ye will see that there is a big hole in the coal already, and by the end of a month there won't be enough left to take the tug back to St. Michael's by hersel', to say nothing of towing a weight like yon."

Dalton glared at the speaker with a face of thunder. He was just beginning to enjoy the prospect of a big lump of salvage-money in his pockets, when his hopes were shattered by the unlooked-for words of the engineer.

"You forget, Mac," laughed the skipper, "that the *Serena* will have a few thousand tons in her bunkers and I am sure that the owners won't object to our using some of it."

"Hoots, mon! ye are richt."

Standing on the stern with a couple of grapnels, to which light hawsers were attached, Rattray slung them as far as he could into the channel; the *Hercules* was then started slowly, and they had the satisfaction of seeing a large morsel of the drift separate from the mass and float after them.

"That is all right as far as it goes," remarked the skipper; "but we must do something better, or we shall never reach her."

He had a number of light planks slung over the side and laid, one in front of the other, along the soft bank of "the canal," as Dalton facetiously

christened the track of the *Serena*. These, it was found, would bear a man's weight, and they were enabled to carry the grapnels three times as far as they could be thrown from the tug. A hopeful cheer arose as a patch of weed fully sixty feet long slowly followed the *Hercules* out to sea.

Day after day they kept persistently at the work. The broiling sun beat mercilessly on men who were burned almost black by its scorching rays, and the noisome exhalations forced them to wear the respirators continually; but in spite of every obstacle the *Serena* perceptibly drew nearer, and with the end of the work in sight the crew worked like veritable demons.

It was time, too! The iron bars were nearly all used up in the manufacture of grapnels, and the huge coils of two-inch rope were diminishing fast, whilst the engineer's face grew longer and longer as he returned from his daily examination of the bunkers.

As they approached the derelict Rattray could see that she had pushed the weed in front of her until it had stopped her way; then it had curled round her, stem and stern, so that she lay, as it were, in an almost land-locked bay of her own making. His mind was troubled as he saw the solidity of the drift that embraced the ship, for the great weight of the *Serena* had pressed the weed into an absolutely solid mass, and one which, from the circumstances, it would be impossible either to cut through or tow away.

At length the moment arrived when the *Hercules* backed up to the side of the derelict, and Rattray himself climbed on board to fasten the two six-inch manilla cables with which to tow her from her resting-place. She lay almost broadside on, and as he went forward to the stem he hurriedly glanced at her weather-worn decks.

The *Serena* had evidently passed

through more than one stiff gale since the date, three years before, when she had set out on her long journey. Great pieces of the rail were washed away, and not a solitary boat was left on the davits, whilst her upper works were completely wrecked. So troubled was he, however, at the prospect of the weed which still enclosed her that he did not give more than one hurried glance around, and after fastening the cables he signalled to Dalton to go ahead.

As the *Hercules* slowly forged ahead the cables became taut as iron rods, and Rattray, standing by the rail of the derelict, saw the huge ropes contract to one-half of their size under the strain; but beyond a slight list, no movement on the part of the *Serena* was perceptible. For the first time in her career the *Hercules* had found her master; and although the roar of escaping steam and the heavy throb of the engines showed that she was straining her utmost, the tug might as well have sought to wrench an island from its moorings. For an hour the ineffectual struggle went on; and at length, satisfied that the *Serena* was too firmly held to be moved, the skipper signalled to Dalton to shut off steam, and with a clouded brow returned to the *Hercules*.

"Tell Mackenzie I want him in my cabin, and come along yourself," he said to the mate.

The engineer barely waited to wipe his streaming face with a bit of waste before helping himself to a generous "three-finger" from the bottle pushed towards him, and the others were not long in following suit.

"What do you think of it, Jack?" said the skipper.

Dalton groaned.

"You gave her all the steam she could carry, Mac?" he continued.

Mac nodded grimly as he mechanically helped himself to another nip and

pushed the bottle towards Dalton. "Mon," he replied laconically, "the safety-valve was six inches off the collar when the mate rang off."

There was a long silence, broken at last by a fierce exclamation from the skipper. "Have you no suggestions to offer, boys?" continued Rattray. "In finding the *Serena* I have done what no other sailor afloat could do. I have staked my whole fortune and my future happiness on her salvage, and I shall win!"

He impatiently filled his glass and tossed the fiery spirit off at a gulp.

"Look here," he said, "I have a plan which stands as good a chance of sending us to the bottom as of shifting the *Serena*. The last thing I took aboard before leaving Liverpool was one hundred pounds of gun-cotton, and this I intend to use on her." And he related the desperate project that had flashed through his brain.

The pair stared at him in speechless amazement for a moment, and then the engineer said slowly and quietly, "Mon! ye are captain of this tug, and one death is as good as another. I'm satisfied."

Dalton was white to the lips, but nodded when the skipper looked at him. Rattray divided the remainder of the whisky into the glasses. "We need not tell the men," he said, "until everything is ready."

Returning on deck, he had a number of light planks slung on board the derrick. These he and the mate threw over the opposite side, and by placing them end to end they were able to make their way out on the weed for about a hundred yards. The mate returned to the tug for a grapnel to which a light hawser was attached, and after this was firmly fixed in the weed the donkey-engine was started, and half-a-dozen fathoms hauled in. They then went below, and with infinite precautions Rattray got out the gun-cotton,

which was made up in ten-pound boxes.

"We will get to the hole in five journeys," he said.

When they had completed their self-imposed task, Rattray weighted the explosive so that it would sink to fifty fathoms.

"I will let it have an hour's fuse, Jack," he remarked; "that will give us plenty of time to get ready."

The crew were called aft, and the captain, standing on the bridge, addressed them.

"My lads," said he, "I have brought you to the *Serena*, but as she is at present we might as well have remained at home. There is only one possible way of getting her out, and that is by exploding a mine at the other side. The fuse has been lighted, and I will give you warning when the time comes to hang on. Open all the ports, and then every man come aft for a tot of rum."

Ropes were stretched across the fo'c'sle; and down in the engine-room, Mackenzie, having started the engines, lashed himself to a post from which he could control the levers. Rattray looked at his watch.

"We have just time to get the hawser with the steel spring on board the wreck, Jack," he said.—"Now, my lads," he continued when the cable had been made fast, "into the fo'c'sle with you, and hang on as if Davy Jones were pulling at your heels. The mate and I will remain on the bridge."

The seconds ticked slowly by; not a sound was heard but the incessant throb of the engines and the swirl of the water as the screw churned it. The clouds of smoke from the *Hercules* as she strained at her work overhung them like a pall, and, despite the intense heat, Dalton felt curious quivers of icy coldness in his bones.

Suddenly there was a terrific report as if the very walls of the world had caved in, and it seemed to the watchers as if the whole surface of the weed

was hurled bodily into the air, falling again about a mile behind them. The shock stunned them for the moment, but they recovered in time to see, as they thought, the *Serena* heel right over into the huge hole the explosion had made. Over—over—over she careened, until they could see the barnacles clinging to her very keel; and, just as Rattray opened his mouth to order the cables to be cut, the reflex rush of the water righted her with a roll, and carried her with tremendous force on to the stern of the *Hercules*.

It was fortunate for the people on the tug that Rattray had had the foresight to keep the engines working at their highest pressure. As the gigantic vessel rolled towards the *Hercules*, the latter, relieved of the immense weight for the first time, darted forward like an arrow, and escaped being crushed by a matter of inches. The derelict crashed through the solid weed as if it were so much liquid, and, as she dipped, the water rose in a great wave, driving the *Hercules* before it like a ball from a gun.

*Crack! crack!* went the manilla cables as the tug, hurtling forward at forty miles an hour, threw her weight into them; but the curious hawser that the skipper had invented saved the situation. The steel spring stretched until it was almost a straight line; but before it had time to snap, the wave had dashed ahead through the canal to the open sea.

"Ease her," rang the skipper, and the *Hercules* slowed down sufficiently to allow the spring to resume its normal shape.

At a snail's pace the *Hercules* moved forward with the derelict in tow, and before darkness fell the *Serena* rolled lazily on the glassy sea a few miles off the bank. A close examination next morning showed that, beyond the fact that every inch of glass on board had been shattered, no further damage had

resulted from the explosion; and when, after a fortnight's laborious work, her bunkers had been replenished, the *Hercules* commenced her long, heavy tow.

Extract from *The Liverpool Maritime World*:

"MARRIAGE OF THE SALVOR OF THE 'SERENA.'"

"Yesterday, at St. Michael's Church, Captain James Rattray, of the Black Star s.s. *City of Liverpool*, to Mabel, daughter of Sir Girling Hathaway, managing director of the Joint Castle Steamship Company.

"Our readers will remember the sensation a few months ago caused by the intelligence—first published in *The Liverpool Maritime World*—that the steamship *Serena*, which had been posted as missing for over three years, had been towed into the Mersey. This valuable steamer was abandoned in the West Indies in 1900. She was reported derelict some time afterwards; and although a reward of one hundred thousand pounds was offered for her salvage, it remained for a Liverpool tug, the *Hercules*, and her commander, James Rattray, to earn it.

"Captain Rattray had made a hobby of the scientific study of ocean winds and currents, and by means of his knowledge was able to forecast accurately the course of the derelict and her final resting-place in that unexplored tract of the Atlantic known as the Sargasso Sea. After an infinity of danger and trouble, she was released from the weed and towed to Liverpool, where she met with a reception which, it is safe to say, has been unequalled in the history of the port.

"The *Serena* was found to be intact, and her valuable cargo practically undamaged; and for his services, in addition to receiving the largest salvage award ever known, Captain Rattray was invited to take command of the Black Star Company's new boat.

"We are glad also to chronicle that his courage and genius have met with appreciation in other quarters. He was invited to lecture on the Sargasso Sea before the Royal Geographical Society, and for his researches was presented with the society's gold medal.

"No better testimony of Captain Rat-  
Chambers's Journal.

tray's sterling worth can be given than the fact that the crew of the *Hercules*, who shared his dangers as well as his success, have joined his new ship to a man.

"In unison with our readers, we heartily wish Captain and Mrs. Rattray a long and happy life."

Brew Molohan.

### VATICANISM IN LETTERS. \*

The literature of "the later nineteenth century" is indeed a large subject, a burning topic, a theme to kindle the imagination. A competent handbook to the writings of the last generation, a guide to the literature of yesterday and the day before would be a book of power, a book to possess which one might reasonably be prepared to make a palpable sacrifice. It is only after reading Professor Saintsbury's attempt to provide an apex for the pyramid of European literature that we can realize how hopeless such a quest must be. Immense knowledge is necessary in the first place; and an extensive view of letters, old and new, good, bad, and indifferent, is hardly less indispensable. In both qualifications it might fairly be contended that Professor Saintsbury is second to no living man. But for the task of focussing the literature of the immediate past it is equally true to say that no amount of sweet reasonableness could be deemed excessive. And in sweet reasonableness it might well, we think, be maintained that no eminent critic of our day is more deficient than the author of this volume.

Professor Saintsbury, as a critic of *belle lettres*, is a purist. Good literature must "delight" or it must die. But no man, surely, has carried the divorce of theory and practice further than he.

"The Later Nineteenth Century." By George Saintsbury. ("Periods of European Literature." Blackwood, 5s. n.)

Compacted of class-room slang, enigmatic qualifications, algebraic parentheses, and a mosaic of *arrières pensées* in every patois under heaven from Halicarnassus to Henley, with plentiful interjections of "What for no?" in the more congenial vein of that immortal virago, Meg Dods, the professor's own style is communicative in a way of its own—but never of delight. At its best, when it is suggestive of a laboratory of literature, it deserves an adjective of its own. It is an eschrotic style. Cicero and Lord Chesterfield, Sir W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Bernard Shaw have labored in vain for Mr. Saintsbury. In order to convince people that your opinions are of any value, you must be enormously persuasive or enormously funny. Unless you can be one or the other, says the world and his wife, we cannot persuade ourselves to listen to you for long, and we think it very improbable that the things which delight you will delight us. To which all that the professor can reply is, "Oh, but you must, for if you do not delight in the things that I delight in, you are the *dernier des derniers*." And it then appears that, for all the apparent freedom implied by the word, there is an official meter of literary delight, and that of this official meter there is just one infallible interpreter, and he a professor, in Edinburgh.

Here, then, in this volume, we have a chart with all the curves of literary



greatness from 1850 to 1900 traced in no mistakable hand by the High Pontiff of Criticism himself. And, appropriately enough to time and circumstance, it is discovered to be in effect an encyclical against Modernism, delivered *ex cathedra* with all the pomp and solemnity of bell, book, and candle. Now, when the author is harping upon the greatness of the great—and this amiable exercise is by no means uncommon with him—we are quite content to listen and even to be taken as agreeing with all that he vouchsafes to utter. But when he begins complaining of the "brassy brilliance" of Taine, when he denounces Renan as a tenderloin, when he takes Zola and Gorky to task for their gloom and their grime, Ibsen for his puerility of second childhood, Maupassant for his "fie-fie" ticket, and Richepin for his "cometic" (on the peculiar slang of Professor Saintsbury it is impossible to dilate here, it would need an article or, indeed, a dictionary to itself), and finally involves the remainder of the modern masters of thought and style in the same unmitigated hardihood of contempt, then we do begin to wax the least bit restive under the critic's playful thong. And as we proceed we can hardly fail to discover that the best elements of revival and renewal in modern literature are almost systematically ignored. He proved convincingly that modern literature is in a parlous state by averting his gaze steadily from the lights on the eastern horizon. In the wonderful rebirth of drama and dramatic criticism, of ballad and sea-poetry, of nature study and folk and dialect lore, in all that Stevenson and Kipling have done for the short story, he sees nothing that means or matters. The prehistoric charm of Borrow, the translations and familiar letters of Edward FitzGerald even, have no power to soften Professor Saintsbury. He ignores them all as he ignores Stephen

and Sarcey, and Bagehot, Larroumet, and Hutton, and Hamerton, while he pays obsequious court to George Brimley, Professor Minto, and Charlotte Yonge. The modern historians of Europe are lightly overlooked, and yet Professor Saintsbury, who mentions neither Ranke, Von Maurer, Lecky, or Parkman, has the hardihood to tell us that history has killed the historian. And so the barm begins to work, and our ire to kindle, until we begin to think of Wittenberg and to prepare theses of protest against this parody of criticism in *Pontificalibus*, and against the whole theory of high critical infallibility.

Modern literature, in fact, seems to be contemplated by Professor Saintsbury as a comprehensive inferno in regard to which it is the first duty of the critic to determine the places of the offenders in their respective circles. And in his concluding chapter, to which he proudly assigns the modest title of "the conclusion of the whole matter," he discloses an organon by the aid of which his disciples may be trusted infallibly to conduct this delicate operation. It is certainly an excellent piece of contrivance—for the schoolroom. The idols and bogies with which it is furnished are well calculated to impress the standards of literary right and literary wrong upon the hearts and minds of ingenuous youth. But the callow stage once passed, our relations to literature, no less than our relations to life, undergo a strange transformation. We no longer go to the professor as to a father confessor with a chrestomathy in our hand. His dogmatic pleasanties and formulæ of omniscience are effective as long as the author is a Gulliver among the small folk and can rap the desk down over their knuckles, but "they do not tell out of school." It is good, no doubt, to inculcate upon children the theory of progress, to emphasize for

purposes of instruction the greatness of past heroes, and to exaggerate the perfection of past utterance. But grown men are neither to be exhorted nor bullied into a hidebound literary creed.

The whole idea of this narrow positivism, of these absolute standards in criticism, the very conception of one universal calculus in literary judgment, seems to us hopelessly wrong. For literary merit is not positive, but relative, not stable, but varying continually in accordance with the changing needs and stresses and wavering partialities of humanity. Each generation has its own new wants, and, even when it retains its old favorites, it finds that the old critics have praised them for the wrong things. Printed matter is a record of under five hundred years; the so-called permanence of literary fame is largely fortuitous, and as for the pious opinion that literary merit is sure of recognition in the end, it is surely a pathetic fallacy. It may be true, perhaps, in some sense that, as Holmes once said, society eventually draws the strength out of books as hot water from tea leaves; but, if so, the operation is lengthy and the solution is changing all the time. What has finally remained from the wreckage of the past is largely a matter of accident. It is not always the meanest things that have perished. Menander cannot possibly stand alone. All that seems fairly certain amid the flood of modern print is that the trash will sink rapidly and that the whole literary cargo, as time goes on, will have to be boldly jettisoned and fearlessly lightened in every direction. In literature, even more than in history, our knowledge is obviously far too small and the uncontrollable element far too large for us to generalize with any confidence. Our literary activity is still in the go-cart and all the rest—mere guesswork. So far from being immutable, our literary conceptions are in a constant state of

flux or decay, new germs of thought perpetually driving out the old—nay, of every fresh word that is expressive of a nuance for the first time, may it not be said that it drives the

dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new  
birth?

From the *Persae* to *Macbeth* and from *Macbeth* to Mr. Meredith the original interest of a masterpiece is so topical and so volatile as to be quite irrecoverable in its totality by any subsequent generation. Books sometimes gather strange accretions round them, but their original virtues are bound to evaporate with the lapse of time. Conversely, much of the best and most exquisite literature is purely ephemeral both in character and in interest.

Professor Saintsbury has immense knowledge, and we set out with the intention of praising him in much the same terms as he himself uses in praise of Brunetière. "Although somewhat too much inclined to restricted and 'classical' criticism, he possessed great learning and excellent acuteness, which he displayed in a large number of books and collected essays, sometimes too polemical and positive, sometimes lacking in catholicity and flexibility of appreciation, but always masculine and sane." If you follow in Professor Saintsbury's trail you will glean, most infallibly, a number of unconsidered scraps of learning. He has read more books than man can number, and he can tell you many things that you never knew before. If conversation be (as some say) the best college, we could spend a term very contentedly on the same bench with this professor, even though we might suspect that his motives for accumulating such stores of erudition had too much in common with those of that American who said that his only object in getting rich was to be able to

say "Go to the Devil" to any man living. But Professor Saintsbury is not content to know everything that is to be known about literature, to see at a glance whether a *corpus delicti* is to be described as classical or romantic, and to have classified every "kind" in both sorts irrevocably long before you knew that it so much as existed. He must carry his infallibility to the point of knowing what literature is to live for ever and what literature is destined for the oven, which books will delight future generations and those ("morituri" as he calls them) in which the

The Times.

principle of decay may be authoritatively detected. This is too much. The Index and the Inquisition have had their day. The peculiar pedantry and pedagogy of the seventeenth century were admirable, and even congenial to many of us. But shall Addison and Steele have labored wholly in vain? Has not there been a Reform Bill in letters as well as in politics; and if the spirit of the age has not, as Burke said, "mitigated authors into companions and compelled wisdom to submit to the soft collar of social esteem"—What for now?

### THE HOUSE OF SILENCE.

Within the circle of the high gray wall is silence.

Under a square of sky cut by high gray buildings, nothing is seen of Nature but the prisoners themselves, the men who guard the prisoners, and a cat who eats the prison mice.

This House of perfect silence is in perfect order, as though God himself had been at work—no dirt, no hurry, no lingering, no laughter. It is all like a well-oiled engine that goes—it knows not why. And each human thing that moves within this circle goes, day after day, year after year—as he has been set to go. The sun rises and the sun goes down—so says tradition in the House of Silence.

In yellow clothing marked with arrows, the inhabitants are working. Each, when he came in here, was measured, weighed, and sounded; and, according to the entries made against his number, he received his silent task, and the proper quantity of food to keep his body able to fulfill it. He resumes this silent task each day, and if his work be sedentary, paces for an hour the speckless gravel yard, from a number painted on a wall to a number

painted on a wall. Every morning, and on Sundays twice, he marches in silence to the chapel, and in the voice that he has nearly lost, praises the silent God of prisoners; this is his debauch of speech. Then, on his avid ears the words of the preacher fall; and motionless, row on row, he sits, in the sensual pleasure of this sound; and the words are void of sense, for the music of speech has drugged his hearing.

Before he was admitted to this House of Silence he had endured his six months' utter solitude, and now, in the small, white-washed space, with a black floor whence he has cleaned all dirt, he spends but fourteen hours out of the twenty-four alone, except on Sundays, when he spends twenty-one, because it is God's day. He spends them, walking up and down, muttering to himself, listening for sound, with his eyes on the little peephole in the door through which he can be seen but cannot see. Above his mug and plate of shining tin, his brush with stiff black bristles, and a piece of soap, a little pyramid of godly books is raised in perfect order; no sound, or scent, no

living thing, no spider even, only his sense of humor comes between him and his God. But nothing whatever comes between him and his walking up and down, his listening for sound, his lying with his face pressed to the floor; till darkness falls, that he may stare at it, and beg for Sleep, the only friend of prisoners, to touch him with her wings. And so, from day to day, from week to week, and year to year, according to the number of the years set opposite the name that once was his.

The workshops of the House of Silence hear no sound but that of work; the men in yellow, with arrows marked upon them, are busy with a fearful zest. Their hands and feet and eyes move all the time; their lips are still. And on these lips, from mouth to mouth, is seen no smile—so perfect is the order.

And all their faces have one look, as though they said: We care for nothing—nothing; we hope for nothing—nothing; we work like this for fear of horror. Their quick dull stare fastens on him who comes to watch their silence; and all their eyes, curious, resentful, furtive, have in the depths of them the same defiant meaning as though they saw in him the world out of which they have been thrown, the millions of the free, the millions not alone all day and every day, the millions who can talk. As though they saw Society, which bred them, nurtured them, and forced their steps to that exactly fitting point of physical or mental stress, out of which they found no way but the crime rewarded with these years of silence. As though they heard in the footsteps and the muttered questions of their casual visitor this whole pronouncement of man's justice:

"You were dangerous! Your souls, born undersized, were dwarfed by Life to the commission point of crime. For our protection, therefore, we have

placed you under lock and key. There you shall work—seeing, hearing, feeling nothing, without responsibility, without initiative, bereft of human contact with your kind. We shall see that you are clean, and have enough to eat; we shall inspect and weigh your bodies, and clothe them with sufficient clothes by day and night; divine service you shall have; your work shall be apportioned to your strength. Corporal punishment we shall very seldom use. Lest you should give us trouble, and contaminate each other, you shall be silent, and, as far as possible, alone. You sinned against Society; your minds were bad; it were better if in our process you should lose those minds! For some reason which we cannot tell, you had but little social instinct at the start, that little social instinct soon decayed. Therefore, through bitter brooding and eternal silence, through horror of your lonely cells and certainty that you are lost—no good, no mortal good to man or thing—you shall emerge cleansed of all social instinct. We are humane and scientific, we have outgrown the barbarous theories of old-fashioned law. We act for our protection and your good. We believe in reformation. We are not torturers. Through loneliness and silence we will destroy your minds, that we may form fresh minds within the bodies of which we take such care. In silence and in solitude is no real suffering,—so we believe, for we ourselves have never passed one single silent day, one single day alone!"

This, by the expression of their eyes, is what the men in yellow seem to hear, and this, by the expression of their eyes, is what they seem to answer:

"Guv'nor! You tell me I did wrong to get in here, brought up like I was—born in the purple—Brick-street, 'Am-mersmith. My father was never up against the police; epileptic fits it was

that he went in for—I oughtn't to have had him for a father; I oughtn't to have had a mother that liked her drop o' trouble, leavin' me what you might call violent from a child. That's where the little difficulty was, you see. The bloke that came about my girl knows that, seein' he laid two years upon his back after I'd done with 'im. That set 'em on reformin' me. To do the business proper, Guv'nor, they give me six months solitary to start upon. All them six months I asks meself: 'If I were out again, an' he come hangin' round my girl—what would I do?' And I answers: 'Hit 'im like I done!' You tell me I oughtn't to been thinkin' that; Guv'nor, I 'adn't nothin' else to think upon. Only that, an' what was goin' on outside, with me there buried up alive. You tell me that ther' solitude ought to ha' done a lot for me, an' so it did. I 'aint never been the same man sence. When I come out I made a big mistake to have that sentence up against me, in the earnin' of me livin' honest, like as though I'd never been in prison. I oughtn't to ha' been a carpenter I guess, or anythin' where people has to trust yer, not likin' them about their houses 'as has been in quod; I ought to ha' had a trade that didn't need no dealings with my fellow-creatures. You tell me what I wanted was to love me neighbor. Guv'nor, after I come out, I got regular wasted on *that* job. When you get wasted, Guv'nor, you take to drink, your stomach feels a funny shiverin'; what it wants is warmth, a bit of fire—so, when you gets a sixpence you lays it out in warmth. That's wrong, you say. But, lucky Guv'nor, drink puts heart into a man as has to get his livin' out of lovin' of his neighbor. . . . Soon after that I got another little lot, with six months solitude again, to put me straight. When you eat your heart for want o' somethin' else to do, when your mind rots for the need of

ever such a little bit to chew on, when you feel all day and every day like a poor dumb varmint of a caged-up rat—like as not you hit a warder, Guv'nor. When you hit a warder, it's the cat. This time I ought to ha' come out p'raps a different man—an' so I did. I ought to ha' had a different mind, bein' chastened and taught the love o' God; but, seein', Guv'nor, that when I come to think it over, which was all day and every day, I couldn't really find out what I done which in my case any other man would ha' stopped short o' doin'—bein' not any other man, but *me*—I come out that time meanin' to go upon my own. And on my own I went, and ever sence I've been—an out-an'-outer, as you can see with lookin' at me now. An' if you ask me what I think of all o' you outside, I can't reply, seein' I'm not allowed to speak. . . ."

This is the answer that they seem to make; their lips move, but no sound comes.

The warder watches those moving lips; his eyes, the eyes of a keeper of wild beasts, are saying: "Pass on, sir, please, and don't excite the convicts—you have seen all there is to see!"

And so the visitor goes out into the prison yard.

On to the old gray buildings, a new gray block is being built; it runs up high already towards the square of sky; and on the pale scaffolding are prisoners cementing-in the stones. A hundred feet up, they move with silent zest, helping to make the little whitewashed spaces safe, to hold-themselves; helping to make thick the walls, that they may hear nothing, and their own moaning may be smothered; helping to join stone to stone, and fill the cracks between, that no creature, however small, may come to share their solitude; helping to make the window spaces high above their reach, that from them they shall look at—nothing;



helping to hide themselves away out of the minds of all who have not sinned against man's justice; for, to forget them in their silence and their solitude is good for man, and to remember them, unpleasant. The sky is gray above them, they are gray against the sky; no sound comes down but the smothered tapping of their tools.

The visitor goes out towards the prison gate; and, meeting him, there come three convicts marching in. The tallest marches in the centre, an old man with active step, and gray bris-

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ties on his weather-darkened face. His eyes are fixed upon the visitor, a light darts into them; he bares his yellow teeth and smiles. His lips move, and out of them come words. So, when skies have been dark all day, the sun gleams through, to prove the beauty of the Earthly Scheme. These words—the precious evidence of purifying solitude, the only words that have been spoken in the House of Silence, come faintly on the prison air: “Ye ——— ———!”

*John Galsworthy.*

## THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

President Roosevelt must, we cannot help thinking, regret the pledges he gave when last elected not to seek nomination for a third term. It is almost inevitable, so far as we understand American politics, that he should receive a nomination at the coming Republican Convention, and quite inevitable that he should be harassed with doubts whether duty will permit him to decline. These doubts will arise mainly from that unfortunate pledge. That he will be wanted is patent on the very face of the situation. A great fight is going on in the Union between the Trust millionaires and the people. The national Government is a protagonist in that fight, and when the President is a strong man he is, speaking broadly, the national Government. There are probably three or four men in American politics—men like Mr. Taft, Mr. Root, and Mr. Cortelyou—who are competent to maintain the cause of the people, and carry through that modification of the Constitution which will enable the central Government to control the “predatory financiers” without too much interference with the independence of the States, or with those possibilities of accumulation which in

America are the only reward of exceptional capacity and energy in the pursuit either of industry or commerce. There is, however, only one politician who is believed by the people to be completely adequate to the difficult task, and who therefore could be easily elected. Mr. Roosevelt is trusted by the mass of the people much as Abraham Lincoln was, and if he will stand as candidate he will have an almost unanimous popular nomination, and such support from that section of the electorate which disregards party as would make opposition hopeless. The only obstacle is his pledge, which, in our opinion, he ought never to have given. Statesmen placed in a sovereign, or semi-sovereign, position are no more vested with the power of prophecy than the most ordinary citizens, and without such power they can never foresee that circumstances will in an unknown future permit them to consider abdication within their permissible range of action. It may be a palpable dereliction of duty, as, for instance, it would be if the country happened to be engaged in a dangerous war. No citizen, and especially no citizen trusted by the immense ma-

majority of his countrymen, is at liberty to say that in dangerous circumstances he will deprive his country of the immense advantage of his leadership, and retire into private life. Every one acknowledges that in the case of a general, and it is just as true of any trusted statesman. He is bound not to entrust to other hands the conduct of the fight. The framers of the Constitution must have contemplated this very contingency, for they deliberately refused to limit the number of times that a President could offer himself for re-election; and though a Constitutional etiquette has grown up which reduces it to two, that etiquette, even if it could be considered a peremptory command, does not apply to Mr. Roosevelt, who became President for the first time, not by election to that great office, but in consequence of the murder of his predecessor. This will be in any case only his second nomination as President of the United States. The pledge, in fact, is the only serious obstacle in Mr. Roosevelt's path, and we confess we regard it as an utterly factitious one. The other party to the contract is the body of the people; and if they insist on releasing him, surely by every principle, whether Constitutional or moral, he is released. To say he is not is for Mr. Roosevelt to confess that he possesses one of those over-sensitive consciences which are as injurious to his fellow-men as political consciencelessness could possibly be.

It may be argued, of course, that in withdrawing his pledge Mr. Roosevelt would announce that, in his own judgment, he was "the necessary man" of the United States, and that this would betray an amount of vanity injurious to his character, and even in one possible contingency dangerous to the Republic. It is quite possible that he may be as necessary five years hence as now, and, consequently, that he might commence the custom of life Presidencies, under

which so many Republics have fallen into the grasp of despots, or at all events of personal rulers. That seems to be the tendency in Spanish-American Republics. The answer to that objection is that it is a mere speculation on the future, based upon no evidence, and contrary to all probabilities. The people of America are Republicans from conviction, and there is no more chance of their re-electing a ruler of whom they are tired, or whom they distrust, than of their setting up an hereditary Monarchy of the European type. If they had ever felt that impulse, it would have been manifested towards the son of Abraham Lincoln, who has been suffered to drop into the rank of a private citizen, and now is not even counted in the list of probable candidates. As for the vanity, a man can hardly be considered vain for accepting the summons of an entire people. And as for the remote chances—for they are only chances—they scarcely deserve mention in serious political discussion. Why America should have been so completely free of this particular danger, which has appeared in so many other countries, must, we think, be attributed first of all to the confidence of Anglo-Saxons in themselves, and secondly to the non-military character of their institutions. The first fact prevents the acceptance of anybody as "a savior of society," while the second makes anything like compulsion, whether overt or covert, ridiculously impossible. The American electorate in compelling Mr. Roosevelt to reconsider his pledge will, we may be sure, part with none of its ultimate power, but merely exercise the right, of which it ought never to be deprived, of selecting a head of the Executive whom at the time it considers most certain to carry out its will. It has, it may rely on it, a bad quarter of an hour before it. The plutocracy is very strong, very courageous, and not a lit-

tie unscrupulous. It may win the day, and if it does, the hopes of mankind, which have been so greatly raised by the success of American institutions, will once more be overthrown. On the other hand, it is quite possible that in defending themselves against an unbridled plutocracy the Americans may, if badly led, inflict great injuries on civilization, which, though not entirely based on the security of property, is shown by the decision of history to be inextricably bound up with it. Mr.

*The Spectator.*

Roosevelt is the man who to all appearance best unites the necessary qualities, who can, while striving to strike down "predatory finance," strain every nerve to rescue the people from the terrible injury which may be inflicted in a financial panic. The same man demands national control for menacing Trusts, and almost empties the national Treasury to prevent the failure of solvent banks in which are deposited the savings of the people.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The surprising number of disagreeable women known to the female writers of fiction in this country becomes more and more amazing as the trusts and ward politics cease to be lucrative topics, and the male writers, searching for something new, permit their sisters of the craft to take the more conspicuous positions. Mrs. Wilson Woodrow seems to know a mining village in which all the women are disagreeable, and her "The New Missioner" relates their doings. It must not be understood that the book itself is disagreeable. Because a wasp has a sting the study of a wasp's nest is none the less curious and diverting and these stories are neatly finished and cleverly told. McClure Company.

Mr. David Homer Bates's "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" has waited so long to be written that it is possible for him to include in it nearly all that he knows, but there are still some points upon which he is silent. He has so much to tell that to read his book is to review the history of the war, and he writes so easily and clearly that the task becomes highly agreeable. The illustrations include many portraits and valuable facsimiles and the story of

each important telegram is related in detail. Naturally, the student of history and the veteran will attempt to monopolize possession of the book, but the boy who is interested in electricity should try to read it because it reveals the romance possible in the work of the telegrapher. Century Company.

Mr. John R. Carling's "By Neva's Waters" is a Russian Court romance with more of actual event in its foundation than he is accustomed to employ. The first Alexander is one of his heroes, the other is an Englishman enamored of Alexander's wife, but quite ignorant of her dignity as the consort of the heir to the throne. The French ambassador's daughter, whom Alexander loves, has so warm a friendship for the Englishman that when it becomes necessary to return to history and to re-unite Alexander and his wife there is no difficulty about wedding her to the foreigner and leaving the entire company of characters ready to be happy forever after. The assassination of the Emperor Paul and the preparatory conspiracy are the chief incidents of the story and are related with no small spirit. Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, after yielding to the temptations of many styles, some exasperatingly affected, some good in spite of affectation, seems to have decided that the Englishman's natural speech is English as Mr. Meredith now thinks and writes it, and he has mastered it so completely that one may open his "The Stooping Lady" at a hundred places, yet find no evidence that the pages are not the elder author's. Written in this tongue, the story is planned to exhibit life in the United Kingdom in the days immediately preceding the regency and to show a young, brave soul struggling against its conventions, and striving to live in accordance with her own conception of the best things. It is quite free from those excrescences of detail which disfigure Mr. Hewlett's former books, and it moves directly and steadily to its grim and dismal end, never losing view of the lady stooping indeed, and unhappy, but stooping to conquer everything but the unsparing political machinery of her time. Mr. Hewlett has never before written anything half so moving and artistic. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Miss Dorothy Canfield's "Gunhild" is one of those agreeable stories that present the reader with surprise after surprise in their later passages although they begin in apparent commonplace. The brief revelation in heroism vouchsafed in the last chapter adds a touch of dignity. The personages are a young American educated in Europe, his aunt, a young girl who is travelling with her, her little sister and a Norse girl born in Kansas. They meet in a village of West Norway where the Americans are detained by the aunt's illness, the Norse girl being summoned as interpreter. She is beautiful and the seasoned novel reader instantly foresees what will happen, and when it does not happen, he foresees some-

thing else, is again in error, and continues until stricken dumb by the real event. The author's sense of humor is manifested not only in the plot, but in many scenes, and the evil genius of the story is one of the best of American disagreeable children to be found in American fiction. She might be a lineal descendant of Tottie Poyser, and nothing worse could be said of any child. Henry Holt & Co.

After reading Spencer on education, the Normal school girl or the school teacher might very well turn to Miss Lisl Cipriani's "A Tuscan Childhood" for an example of the working of the principles laid down by the philosopher. The naughtiness of Italian children, as might be expected from the superior quality of the Latin imagination, is to the American variety as sunlight unto moonlight, and it is to be feared that the American child who obtains this book will make an immediate attempt to repair his past shortcomings by repeating all the sins of the seven Capriani. He may repeat their words, but he is not likely to make any new phrases half as clever as theirs, for both in writing and in speech they often exhibited genuine wit, and, as they spoke four languages with equal facility, their means of expression far surpassed his. Miss Cipriani lived in this country for many years, having come hither at the age of nineteen, immediately after her family had suffered severe financial losses. She lives in Cambridge, and for the last year has been occupied exclusively in writing. She has had a two years' course at the University of Chicago, and has taken all three of the degrees granted by that institution. The Century Company.

The second volume of the "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne" is as cha-

otic as the first, but it contains an endless array of good stories of courts, including those of Turin, Paris, Berlin, London and Petersburg, and it is respectfully recommended to those who bewail the condition of English society to-day. For instance, it tells of the famous ball given by the Marquis of Anglesey not long after his marriage to Lady Emily Wellesley who, having been divorced was not seen in society. Her daughters by her first marriage, assisted his daughters by his first marriage to receive the company while he and she went into the country. The wife who had divorced him had meanwhile married the Duke of Argyll and as Duchess took her daughters into society. Neither the United States nor the United Kingdom can match this pleasing complication. Neither, one may hope, can they match the cool effrontery of Lady Caroline Lamb who appeared at this ball hanging on her husband's arm and distributed printed papers containing the key to the characters in "Glenaroon." These are specimen tales caught up by chance from the page; they are related coldly, quietly, without malice, hardly as scandal, rather as matters of course. The temper of the book is admirable, especially when the author warms into kindness, as for instance when speaking of Charlotte of Wales, but the arrangement is so indifferent that it will be read chiefly as a source of historic material or as a pendant to work more systematically planned. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Mark Lee Luther does not seem to find that all the themes in American life have been appropriated by the authors who were before him in the world, and by way of a specimen of what may now be found by careful examination of the field, he places the heroine of his "The Crucible" in a

prison for women, and shows the enormous difficulties besetting her efforts to escape from the associations involuntarily formed while in confinement. The position of a woman in shops kept by unprincipled men; the effect of such environment upon women of various sorts; the greed for gossip bred in mean souls by the enforced contact of the boarding-house and the flat building, and a few other elements of the fires in which the gold of a twentieth century woman's soul may be set free from baser ore are also shown in action. Thus the book, although by no means "modern" in the cant sense of being on a plane lower than the long accepted standards of decency and good taste is truly modern because its events would have been impossible in the days when criminals were isolated; when shops were not too large to be strictly supervised, and customers were not too stingy to pay prices enabling employers of saleswomen to pay them wages upon which they could live in respectability; and when family life was decently reserved and guarded. Its personages belong to the working classes, and, if they do not wallow in dirt like those of a certain notorious story, their suffering is more poignant, because they are of finer fibre. It is hardly to be expected that the sale of a novel so modestly planned and so consistently and moderately written will rival that attained by a book full of glaring ugliness and loathsome horror, but it is far more worthy of attention, and it is far more important that the evils which it exposes should be abolished than that succor should be given to the classes described in "The Jungle." In vain shall the rich seek to raise the abject poor while the solid mass of the suffering middle class, a perfect non-conductor, prevents communication between the two. The Macmillan Company.